# THE
# Entertaining Medley:
## BEING A
# COLLECTION
## OF
## GENUINE ANECDOTES,
## DELIGHTFUL STORIES,
## Frolicks of Wit and Humour,
With other notable Diſplays
OF THE
## Force of the Human Genius.

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# PREFACE.

IT may perhaps be thought needleſs to prefix a preface to a work of this kind, the profeſſed deſign of which is only to divert and amuſe the reader in a leiſure hour. However, as he may think I deal too abruptly, ſhould I neglect the compliment of a previous addreſs, I comply with the cuſtom, and beg leave to introduce him to the following entertainment with this ſummary view of it.

But how willing ſoever I am to gratify his curioſity, I find it almoſt impoſſible, from the multiplicity of the ſubjects, to give a diſtinct account, in ſo ſhort a compaſs, of ſo miſcellaneous a work. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the melancholy and ſplenetic, will be here diverted with ſtories of humour and pleaſantry; the ſerious and contemplative, with inſtances of the firmneſs of virtue, the inſtability of fortune, and the miſeries attending a vicious conduct; the lively and ſprightly, the frolickſome and gay, will be exhilarated with tales of merriment and jocularity; the lover and gallant, will here find ſuch a variety of

caſes, that they can hardly miſs of one ſimilar to their own. The curious and inquiſitive, will here likewiſe meet with ſome intereſting anecdotes, which, tho' but little known, more truly characterize ſome great perſonages, who have made a ſhining figure in the world, than their flattering hiſtorians, with all their rhetoric, could raiſe them monuments of glory. The wit is regaled, with the bright products of fancy and genius; the moraliſt, with ſerious reflections; the mirthful and jocoſe, with merry and humorous adventures; and the amorous, inſtructed in the various methods that have been practiſed in purſuit of the beloved object.

To conclude: fathers and mothers, ſons and daughters, old and young, married or ſingle, of high or low degree, of whatever ſize or complexion their underſtandings and tempers may be, will here find ſomething to inſtruct or entertain them in a ſolitary hour. In all which, great care has been taken that nothing is ſaid or done that can raiſe a bluſh on the moſt innocent face; that offers an affront to perſons of the moſt virtuous principles; or that has a tendency to pollute the mind with ideas abhorrent to the ſtricteſt chaſtity, or the moſt ſcrupulous honour.

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*The Author being abſent while this Work was printing, ſeveral errors have eſcaped the preſs; which therefore the reader is deſired to excuſe, or correct with his pen.*

The

THE

# Entertaining MEDLEY.

## *The Duke of* MONTAGUE's *Frolick.*

WE have often been amuſed with ſtories of the whims and frolicks that great men have exerciſed upon little ones, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment and perplexity of the ſaid little men, and the unſpeakable delight of themſelves and their company. The late duke of *Montague* was remarkable for theſe atchievments of wit and humour; which he

conducted with a dexterity and addreſs peculiar to himſelf; as will appear from the following narrative.

Soon after the concluſion of the peace in 1748, he had obſerved, that a middle aged man, in ſomething like a military dreſs, of which the lace was much tarniſhed, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro in the Mall, with a kind of mournful ſolemnity, or ruminating by himſelf on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay croud that was moving before him, than of ſo many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the ſun.

This man the duke ſingled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolick. He began therefore by making ſome enquiry concerning him, and ſoon learnt, that he was an unfortunate poor creature, who, having laid out his whole ſtock in the purchaſe of a commiſſion, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment; but upon concluſion of the peace, had been reduced to ſtarve upon half pay. This the duke thought a favourable circumſtance for his purpoſe; but he learnt, upon farther enquiry, that the

the captain having a wife and ſeveral children, had been reduced to the neceſſity of ſending them down into *Yorkſhire*, whither he conſtantly tranſmitted them one moiety of his half pay, which would not ſubſiſt them nearer *London*, and reſerved the other moiety to keep himſelf upon the ſpot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous ſituation. Theſe particulars afforded a new ſcope for the duke's genius; and he immediately began his operation.

After ſome time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity as the captain was ſitting alone, buried in thought, to ſend his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The duke having placed himſelf at a convenient diſtance, ſaw his meſſenger approach without being perceived, and to begin to ſpeak without being heard; he ſaw his intended gueſt ſtart, at length, from his reverie, like a man frighted out of a dream, and gaze with a fooliſh look of wonder and perplexity at the perſon that accoſted him, without ſeeming to comprehend what he ſaid, or to believe

his ſenſes when it was repeated to him till he did. In ſhort, he ſaw with infinite ſatisfaction all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man addreſſed in ſo abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the ſport depended on the man's ſenſibility, he diſcovered ſo much of that quality on ſtriking the firſt ſtroke, that he promiſed himſelf ſucceſs beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his grace at the time appointed.

When he came the duke received him with particular marks of civility; and, taking him aſide with an air of great ſecrecy and importance, told him, that he had deſired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly upon the account of a lady who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expreſſed a great deſire to be in his company, which her ſituation made it impoſſible for her to accompliſh, without the aſſiſtance of a friend; that having learnt theſe particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together; and added, that he thought ſuch an act of civility, whatever

ever might be the opinion of the world, would be no imputation on his honour. During this diſcourſe, the duke enjoyed a profound aſtoniſhment, and the various changes or confuſion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himſelf, began a ſpeech with great ſolemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring to inſinuate, in the beſt manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not impoſed upon, and whether he ought not to reſent it; and therefore, to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breaſt, and very devoutly ſwore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe upon good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was ſerved, the captain entered the dining room with curioſity and wonder; but his wonder was unſpeakably increaſed, when he ſaw at the table his own wife and children. The duke had begun his frolick by ſending for them out of *Yorkſhire*, and had as much, if not more, aſtoniſhed the lady, than he had done her huſband, to whom he took care

ſhe ſhould have no opportunity to ſend a letter.

It is much more eaſy to conceive than to deſcribe a meeting ſo ſudden, unexpected, and extraordinary; it is ſufficient to ſay, that it afforded the duke the higheſt entertainment, who, at length, with much difficulty, quietly ſeated them at his table, and perſuaded them to fall to, without thinking either of yeſterday or to-morrow. Soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his lawyer attended about ſome buſineſs by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a ſhort truce with the various enquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who, pulling out a deed that the duke was to ſign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when, to complete the adventure, and the confuſion and aſtoniſhment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a ſettlement which the duke had made upon them of a genteel ſufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the inſtrument read,

read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotions of his gueſts, he ſigned and ſealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, deſiring him to accept it without compliments, for, ſays he, I aſſure you, it is the laſt thing I would have done, if I thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my ſatisfaction in any other way.

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## *The* FORCE *of* LOVE; *an affecting Story.*

THE following ſtory is extracted from papers of unqueſtionable authority, which are ſtill carefully preſerved by a noble family in *France*; and may ſerve as a memorial that there was once ſuch a paſſion as love, refined, delicate, ardent, and conſtant; not to be influenced either by hope or fear; gentle as pity, and ſtronger than death.

The counteſs of *Treval* was left a widow, with one daughter about ſixteen years of age, and one ſon about a year

younger. She was poſſeſſed of a very large fortune, but choſe rather to retire, and ſuperintend the education of her children at a remote country ſeat, than expoſe them to the danger of habitual luxury, and ſeducing examples in public life. It happened that in the neighbourhood there was a young lady of a good family, but ſmall fortune, whoſe name was *Adelaide*; ſhe was about the ſame age with the counteſs's daughter, extremely beautiful, of a moſt engaging manner, and uncommon ſprightlineſs and underſtanding. This young lady the counteſs received into her family as a companion for her daughter, without conſidering that ſhe had alſo a ſon, whom ſhe thus expoſed to temptations which few have reſiſted.

The young gentleman ſoon became enamoured with *Adelaide*, and ſoon made her acquainted with a paſſion which he diligently concealed from every one elſe. She was far from being inſenſible to his merit, but ſo much miſtreſs of her paſſion, that ſhe concealed it even from him. She knew the counteſs to be an haughty woman, who, having enriched the perſon ſhe married by an immenſe for-

fortune, had formed great projects for her ſon, and would reſent, with implacable bitterneſs, his marriage with a perſon ſo much his inferior; and therefore diligently avoided all opportunities of being alone with the young count; and for many months ſucceeded. Her eyes, however, had involuntarily encouraged him to perſiſt in his aſſiduities; and, at laſt, having ſtole upon her, as ſhe was muſing in a retired part of the garden, he conjured her to hear him, with ſuch tenderneſs and importunity, that ſhe could reſiſt no longer. She heard him with a viſible emotion; and, at laſt, told him, with a moſt amiable bluſh and decent confuſion, that if ſhe was his equal in rank and fortune, he would have no reaſon to be diſpleaſed with her anſwer; but that, as ſhe was ſo greatly his inferior, ſhe hoped he would not ſo far injure her as to attempt the gratification of an unlawful paſſion; and added, with a ſigh, that ſhe could not ſo far injure him as to accept any propoſal of marriage. I ſhould not deſerve, ſaid ſhe, the affection you profeſs, if I did not urge you to ſurmount it. I will therefore aſſiſt you in the attempt, by conſtantly avoiding

an interview; and thus, while my obſcurity prevents me from accepting your love, I ſhall, at leaſt, reflect with pleaſure, that I deſerve your eſteem.

The count was now more enamoured of her prudence and her virtue, than he had before been with her perſon; he urged her to marry him with yet greater importunity; but ſhe ſtill refuſed; and breaking away from him, perſiſted in her reſolution to avoid him for the future. He was not able to elude her vigilance during many months; but his attempts to expreſs his ſentiments in the preſence of others were now ſo often repeated, and her apparent inſenſibility made him go ſuch lengths to attract her notice, that his mother, at length, diſcovered his paſſion, and rallied him upon it. The count, upon this occaſion, put on a ſerious air, and began to expatiate on the virtues of *Adelaide*, but the counteſs prevented the declaration which ſhe ſaw he was about to introduce, by charging him, in the moſt peremptory terms, to think of her no more. But ſhe did not ſtop here; for the campaign being then opened, ſhe ſent him to the army, as a volunteer, the next day. As the whole fortune

of

of the family was at her diſpoſal, he was forced to comply, after having aſſured *Adelaide*, that whatever ſhould be his fortune, his love would be the ſame for ever.

During his abſence, a neighbouring gentleman became enamoured of his miſtreſs; and, as he conſidered her under the counteſs's protection, he made his firſt propoſal to her. The counteſs was ſo pleaſed at this opportunity of putting her ſon out of danger, that ſhe not only conſented, but promiſed to augment her fortune, upon this marriage, with a very conſiderable ſum.

The young count, who was juſt then entered into winter quarters, got intelligence of this match; and immediately taking poſt-horſes, he arrived while they were preſſing *Adelaide*, by every poſſible motive, to conſent. He threw himſelf at his mother's feet, in an agony of tenderneſs and grief, avowed his deſire to eſpouſe *Adelaide*, which he urged her to permit, as that which alone could prevent him from being ſuperlatively wretched.

The counteſs anſwered his importunity only with reproaches; but the ex-

poſtulation became ſo warm, and was ſo long continued, that it could not be kept a ſecret from the new ſuitor, who, in point of honour, deſiſted from his addreſſes, and declared he would not marry an angel under ſuch circumſtances. This diſappointment made the counteſs yet more angry, and *Adelaide* was immediately diſmiſſed. The count, who before delayed his marriage in reſpect to his mother, now thought it his duty to defer it no longer; to repair therefore the loſs of fortune and protection, which *Adelaide* had ſuffered for his ſake, he made her his wife, ſtill hoping, that time and aſſiduity would produce a reconciliation. In theſe hopes, however, he was deceived; the counteſs was inexorable; ſhe withdrew the count's allowance, and abandoned the young couple to all the wretchedneſs of want, aggravated by the remembrance of their former plenty. After four years, having buried a little girl, which they had offered to their mother's protection, but without effect, they found it impoſſible longer to procure the neceſſaries of life, and were therefore, at laſt, compelled to part. After many ineffectual efforts, the count propoſed to his wife,

wife, that as the only expedient to prevent their periſhing of want, ſhe ſhould enter a nunnery, and himſelf a convent. To this propoſal, which was made and received with tears, reluctance, agony, and confuſion, the unhappy lady conſented; and it was immediately put into execution. Some few trinkets, which, during all their diſtreſs, ſhe had preſerved, were now converted into money; a little ſum; the whole of which he inſiſted ſhe ſhould keep; and, after ſuch a tender ſcene of diſtreſs as no imagination can paint, they parted; the lady took the veil under a lady abbeſs, to whom her family and misfortunes were known; and the count went into a monaſtery at *Paris*.

But though theſe wretched lovers had now forſaken the world, they were ſtill perſecuted by fortune. The ſtory of *Adelaide* having been much talked of in the convent, ſome of the ſiſters, either envious of the praiſes ſhe received, or moved by ſome ſecret malignity, caballed againſt her; and ſucceeded ſo well in their intrigues, that on the death of the lady abbeſs her friend, they procured her to be expelled the houſe. She was

now

now again driven out to ſea, and expoſed to the ſtorms, by which ſhe had already ſuffered ſhipwreck. However, ſhe had in the convent ſome friends, though the majority were her enemies; and one of the ſiſters gave her a recommendation to her father, who was an officer at court. With this letter ſhe went to *Paris*, and while the gentleman to whom ſhe was recommended, was buſied in ſeeking to procure her another retreat, ſhe ſent word to the count, her huſband, of her removal, and requeſted that ſhe might be admitted to another interview, tho' but of one hour. This new misfortune of one ſo tenderly beloved, and this unexpected requeſt, threw the count into another agony. He did not, however, dare to ſee her; and therefore, when he was ſufficiently recovered, he entreated that ſhe would not think of an interview, which might be fatal at once to his peace and her own. *Adelaide*, whoſe love was ſtill too delicate, and too ardent, to take this refuſal, however reaſonable, without pain, became yet more impatient to ſee him; ſhe therefore went to the convent, and, upon entering the church, the firſt object ſhe beheld was her

her huſband, who was engaged, with the reſt of his community, in the ſolemn exerciſes of devotion to God: She was ſtruck at his poſture, his appearance, and employment. She waited till he roſe from his knees, and then went up and looked upon him with an eager tenderneſs, which might well have compelled a return; but the moment his eyes caught hers, he caſt them to the ground, and notwithſtanding her utmoſt endeavours to attract his notice, he preſſed on with a ſolemn and ſlow pace, concealing his emotions with the appearance of inſenſibility and neglect. She knew that he diſguiſed the ſentiments of his heart; and ſhe knew alſo that it was not leſs for her ſake than his own; yet the appearance only of neglect or unkindneſs, for whatever reaſon aſſumed, was more than ſhe could bear; and, after a ſhort ſtruggle with the paſſions that ſwelled in her boſom, ſhe ſunk down in a ſwoon. She was immediately carried off; and her firſt enquiry, after ſhe recovered, was for her dear count. Some who were preſent ran immediately, and told him his wife was dying, and his ſuperior commanded him to make haſte and com-

comfort her; but before he came, the conflict had put an end to her life. At this moment all the fortitude of the count forſook him, and he burſt into tears. It was with difficulty that he was ſeparated from the body; and being, at laſt, carried back to his convent, he ſpent the remainder of his days in auſterities that haſtened his death.

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## LOVE *and* HONOUR.

THE writer of the following narrative acquaints us, that the perſons who are the ſubjects of it are well known in *France*; and that the account is compiled from ſome letters written by a lady to a particular friend, and may be depended upon as true.

Though vice is never the object of eſteem, yet a vicious character, in which the principles of humanity and generoſity are predominant, is never odious. Women ſometimes loſe their honour rather by a want of fortitude than a love of pleaſure; but when once ſeduced, by whatever cauſe, they generally repeat the fault

fault with leſs and leſs reluctance, till they become familiar with vice; and being leſs careful to conceal it, as they have leſs ſenſe of its deformity, and leſs able as it is more frequently indulged, they are at length left among the refuſe of ſociety; and, by living among the worſt examples, inſenſibly become like them.

Some, however, have not ſunk into this pitiable depravity, but have ſtill preſerved great goodneſs of heart, and ſtill acted upon principles of honour.

Such was *Roetta*, a courteſan of *France*, ſcarce leſs celebrated in her time than *Lais* or *Flora*. Though her behaviour was free, it was yet decent; and though her life was vicious, yet ſhe was a lover of virtue: The expreſſion of her eyes was at once tender and ingenuous; and though there was ſomething wanton in her walk and her manners, yet her converſation was wholly freed from the groſs indelicacies which are the uſual characteriſtics of common women. She was beſides faithful to her engagements, which ſhe conſidered as obligations that ſhe could not violate without ingratitude; and when an agreement was once made, no offer could ſeduce her to break it.

it. Her lover always left her before ſhe left him; for, as ſhe was more ſuſceptible of gratitude than deſire, ſhe was not more flexible to motives of pleaſure than intereſt. She was indeed, both by conſtitution and habit, temperate, induſtrious, and fond of private life; ſo that ſhe would probably have been early the happy wife of ſome happy huſband, if one falſe ſtep had not, as it were, fixed her in a ſtate which ſhe could never mention without bluſhing. She was courteous, compaſſionate, and generous in the higheſt degree. She never beheld diſtreſs that ſhe did not pity; nor pitied diſtreſs that ſhe did not relieve; ſo that when her benefactions were mentioned, it was ſaid, that vice was become tributary to virtue. She had often indulged deſires of living in a manner worthy of a reaſonable being; and as they became more frequent and ſtronger every day, ſhe was, at length, determined to find ſome retreat, where ſhe could hide herſelf from the infamy of having lived ill, and the ridicule of living better; but there was one difficulty which ſhe could not ſurmount. She had not yet laid by a ſum ſufficient to ſecure her a-

gainſt

gainſt the force of temptation, which her own indigence, and the liberality of a lover, might throw in her way. Her firſt care, therefore, was to make up her fortune 20,000 *l.* This, in a ſhort time, ſhe accompliſhed; and, having diſmiſſed her laſt lover, ſhe was preparing to quit *Paris*, that ſhe might avoid the ſolicitations of others.

It happened, juſt at this time, that a young gentleman, whoſe name was *Chamont*, took lodgings in a little back room on the ſame floor with *Roſetta*'s apartment. He went out every morning at ſeven o'clock; and returning about noon locked himſelf up for the remainder of the day; took no notice of his fair neighbour, but juſt to make her a ſilent obeyſance as he went by. The ſingularity of theſe appearances excited *Roſetta*'s curioſity; and, one day, having watched him into his room, ſhe ſtole ſoftly to the door, and peeping through the key-hole, ſaw the unhappy youth making a meal on ſome dry cruſts, moiſtening every morſel with his tears, and ſwallowing it with a ſigh. *Roſetta* was ſtruck with ſurprize and grief; and perhaps another, whoſe intention might have been equally pure, would

would have immediately ſhrieked out, and, with an inhuman generoſity, detected him in the midſt of his wretchedneſs; but *Roſetta* had too much delicacy to forget a moment, that to be ſurprized in ſuch circumſtances would have given more anguiſh to a generous mind, than all the hardſhips of concealed indigence. She therefore ſilently withdrew to her own appartment, that ſhe might find an opportunity to alleviate misfortune, with all the delicacy of reſpect that is due to the unfortunate. The next day ſhe watched the moment when he returned home; and, that ſhe might ſeem to be thrown in his way by chance, ſhe took care to have a frame, in which ſhe was working ſome tapiſtry, brought into the antichamber, and the door to the ſtaircaſe left open.

*Chamont* appeared at his accuſtomed hour, overwhelmed with fatigue and ſorrow. He made his compliment as uſual, and was again about to hide himſelf in the obſcurity of his back room, when *Roſetta*, with an eaſe, and politeneſs of voice and manner that was natural to her, accoſted him in this manner: "Indeed, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have a ſtrange neigh-

" neighbour of you; I uſed to think
" that a lady, let her be what ſhe will,
" had a right to ſomething more than a
" bow. Either you are unſociable, or
" hold me in great contempt. If you
" know me indeed I have no right to
" complain. Your neglect ſpeaks you
" a man of ſcrupulous virtue; and, as
" ſuch, I muſt claim your advice and
" aſſiſtance; but, as your reſerve may
" ariſe from ſome uneaſineſs of mind,
" give me leave, Sir, to intereſt myſelf
" in it. Let me entreat the favour of
" your company; who knows but that
" fortune has brought us together to be
" mutually uſeful to each other. I am
" alone; my dinner is ready; let me
" prevail upon you to take a bit with
" with me. I have ſometimes a flow
" of ſpirits, which, perhaps, may relieve
" you from melancholly thoughts."

" Madam, ſays *Chamont*, you certain-
" ly merit to be known; and your cour-
" teous invitation of a ſtranger, is a proof
" that your character is amiable. But,
" whoever you are, it is extremely pleaſ-
" ing to me, to find a perſon who has
" generoſity enough to take notice that
" I am wretched. I have now been fif-

" teen

" teen days at *Paris*; and though I have
" continually made application to all
" from whom I have a natural right to
" pity and reſpect, yet you are the firſt
" perſon from whom I have heard one
" kind word. I beg that you will not
" impute my reſerve either to virtue or
" to pride. If you have known miſ-
" fortune, you know that misfortune is
" timid and irreſolute; we come into
" company with an ill grace, when ca-
" lamity ſits heavy upon the mind; and,
" as to you, you have beauty, ſpright-
" lineſs, and affluence; was it fit that I
" ſhould have leſſened your enjoyment
" of life? If you have a tender and ge-
" nerous mind, you would have partici-
" pated my misfortunes, and ſhould have
" made you ſad."

" Sir, ſaid *Roſetta*, I am not vain
" enough to ſuppoſe I can remove your
" misfortunes; but I ſhould think my-
" ſelf happy if I could afford you any
" conſolation under them. I have many
" faults; but my heart is ſtill ſenſible to
" the misfortune of others; this, per-
" haps, is the only virtue I can boaſt;
" but the conſciouſneſs of this makes
" me hope the return of thoſe that I

" have

" have ſuffered to depart: Encourage
" this hope, dear Sir, by a little confi-
" dence; the confeſſion of your circum-
" ſtances cannot be ſo mortifying as the
" confeſſion of mine; and yet I have ſet
" you the example, with a ſincerity
" which, if you know the world, you
" know is not common. I cannot think
" that a ſingle ſtroke of misfortune could
" thus overwhelm you; for ſuch would
" ſoon be ſurmounted by youth and ſpi-
" rit, a good perſon, and a fine addreſs.
" You anſwer me only with a ſigh. Is
" it then a point of honour? The fear
" of not acquiring, or the dread of loſing
" it, affects you: It is ſo ſurely; for
" thoſe who make a profeſſion of ho-
" nour can be thus affected by nothing
" elſe."

" Yes, ſaid *Chamont*, with a kind of
" frenzy in his look, you have found
" the cauſe of my deſpair; the vulture
" that preys upon my heart, the pang
" that renders life inſupportable. I have
" indeed no means of ſubſiſtence, but
" by ſacrificing to the neceſſities of na-
" ture that honour which I hold ſo dear.
" I am, by birth, a gentleman; I have
" borne a commiſſion in the army; my
" corps

" corps is now diſbanded ; I have ſolli-
" cited ; I have importuned ; I have en-
" treated my relations, thoſe who live
" in affluence and ſplendor, who have
" intereſt and power, and honours, and
" employments ; but I have been neg-
" lected and refuſed ; treated with cold-
" neſs, rudeneſs, and contempt ; and
" yet, what has more ſhocked me, one
" has juſt ſuperciliouſly offered me a
" warrant to ſerve one of the meaneſt
" places in the exciſe. He ſeemed to
" applaud himſelf for having obtained
" this proviſion for me, and to expect
" my thanks. This was a provocation
" for which I was not prepared ; and I
" confeſs, that I could not ſuppreſs nor
" conceal my reſentment. I ſnatched
" the warrant with rage, confuſion, and
" diſdain ; and, tearing it to pieces, threw
" it in the face of the wretch who in-
" ſulted me with the offer of it. But,
" wretched as I am, it is ſome happi-
" neſs to know mankind, and to be de-
" ceived no more ; and I wiſh only to
" hide myſelf from the world, and, if
" poſſible, to forget my family, who
" would have diſhonoured the name
" they bear. I know, indeed, that this

" is

" is not the ſtrain of indigence; that in-
" digence ſhould accommodate itſelf to
" all circumſtances with meekneſs and
" humility; that to be noble is a miſ-
" fortune to thoſe that are poor; and
" that high ſpirit is ill placed in thoſe
" to whom fortune has denied the ne-
" ceſſaries of life. I was, perhaps, in
" the wrong to reject what was offered;
" and I confeſs that my pride would
" have given way, if I had been offered
" a bare ſubſiſtence upon decent if not
" honourable terms; but to exact a tax
" to harraſs the poor, to debaſe myſelf
" by tormenting others; to this I could
" not ſubmit."

" Sir, ſaid *Roſetta*, I know not whe-
" ther I ought to applaud this delicacy,
" but I feel that I cannot blame it.
" Your ſituation is indeed as unfortu-
" nate as it can be; but I hear ſome-
" body coming up ſtairs; do not, if it
" be poſſible, ſuffer the anguiſh of your
" mind to appear in your countenance;
" but let me alone have the mournful
" pleaſure of knowing and ſoothing it.
" —O! it is *Emely!* Come in my dear
" friend, and give me joy."— " Of
" what? replied *Emely*; of the whim

" that has taken you to quit *Paris*, in " the flower of your age, and height of " your beauty, and ſhut yourſelf up in " the ſweet cottage that you are to buy " in the country? But, indeed, to live " among fleecy flocks, and lowing " herds, and purling ſtreams, and ſhady " groves, muſt be vaſtly pretty." " Ve- " ry well, ſaid *Roſetta*, you may rally " me, and divert yourſelf as much as " you pleaſe; but your mirth ſhall not " get the better of my reſolution." " But I come, ſaid *Emely*, to invite you " to ſupper." " I ſup no more abroad, " ſaid *Roſetta*; and I thought you had " once reſolved to follow my example." " Yes, ſaid *Emely*; but that was only " when I talked nonſenſe in a whimſical " fit; a new conqueſt has brought me " back to common ſenſe." " So much " the worſe; I ſee you have no ſeeds of " reformation in your heart. Well, let " us have dinner, ſaid *Roſetta*; and din- " ner was ſerved up."

While they were at table nobody ſpoke but *Emely*; ſhe continued to make herſelf merry with *Roſetta*'s ſcheme of retirement, and the immoveable countenance of *Chamont*, whom ſhe took for a fool,

fool, kept her continually upon the tit-ter. In the mean time he eat but little, not indeed becauſe he wanted appetite, but becauſe his delicacy, or his pride, call it which you will, made him aſhamed to indulge it. After dinner was over, and coffee had been ſerved, *Emely* took her leave, and with an air of raillery recommended herſelf to the prayers of the fair penitent.

*Roſetta*, as ſoon as ſhe was diſengaged from a viſit that was equally diſguſting and ill-timed, took *Chamont* into her beſt room, and after a ſhort ſilence, during which he ſat with his eyes fixed on the ground, and enjoyed the pleaſure of having touched *Roſetta*'s mind with that compaſſion which the generous only feel for the unfortunate, " Sir, ſaid ſhe, you " have laid me under very great obliga-" tions; the confidence with which you " have honoured me is, of all the events " of my life, the moſt flattering, and " has given me a joy.—Pardon the ex-" preſſion; it is indeed a joy that ariſes " from your misfortunes, but no other-" wiſe than as I am permitted to ſhare " them. — That which my heart now " feels for you, convinces me that it is

" ſuſceptible of goodneſs; but, except
" I am permitted to give ſome proofs
" of my returning virtue, what advan-
" tage can it produce to you? You
" bluſh, alas! I confeſs I have not de-
" ſerved the honour I ſollicit; but let
" me entreat either that what I have not
" deſerved you would generouſly be-
" ſtow, or that at leaſt you would ſo far
" indulge me, as to believe that by re-
" fuſing it, you ſet my character before
" me in ſuch a light as fills my heart
" with anguiſh, and covers me with
" confuſion."

" You have my ſecret, ſaid *Chamont*, and
" do not urge me to repent that I have
" diſcloſed it. There was indeed a kind
" of luxury in diſcloſing it to you; and
" let me confeſs, that without this relief
" I ſhould have ſunk under the ſenſe of
" my misfortunes. To you, dear ma-
" dam, I owe the firſt alleviation of my
" diſtreſs; and to ſuffer leſs is ſome fe-
" licity to thoſe who have much to ſuf-
" fer; but permit me, while I acknow-
" ledge this obligation, to declare, that
" it is the utmoſt that I muſt owe to
" your generoſity. Do not make uſe
" of your knowledge of my misfortunes

" to

" to give me pain, and I ſhall now bear
" them like a man; I have acquired
" new fortitude and new patience, I
" have now a friend to whom I can
" complain, and I ſhould want grati-
" tude, if in this inſtance, I ſhould re-
" fuſe the conſolation which you offer
" me. Since you have permitted me
" to viſit you, I will from day to day
" acquaint you with whatever befals
" me! I will tell you the effect of all
" my ſollicitations, and receive your
" advice with thankfulneſs and compli-
" ance, but offer no more, leſt I ſhould"
" —" You have ſaid enough, replied
" *Roſetta*; I do not love to be threat-
" ened. But pray tell me, Sir, does
" misfortune make men intractable;
" does it render their manner turbulent
" and fierce, and their temper unſocia-
" ble and obdurate? If it does, misfor-
" tune is indeed greatly to be dreaded.
" Surely you was not thus ſcrupulous
" and peremptory in proſperity, you
" would not then have rejected an offer
" of ſervice".

" I would then, ſaid *Chamont*, have
" accepted it, becauſe I might then have
" reaſonably hoped to return it, but now

" I cannot borrow, becauſe I cannot hope
" now to repay ; and as to the peremp-
" tory refuſal of farther obligation, with
" which you reproach me as a kind
" of unſocial ferocity. I confeſs that
" I think it not only honourable, but
" neceſſary to perſons in my circum-
" ſtances. It diſtinguiſhes between ſenſi-
" bility of misfortune, and weakneſs
" of mind, it repreſſes the inſolence of
" wealth, and confers ſome dignity upon
" indigence. A mortified and hum-
" ble demeanour, a plain free tone, and
" ſupplicatory look, give an advantage
" to the rich, which they never could
" derive from gold ; for he only that
" crawls can be trodden under foot."

" And you really ſuppoſe, ſaid *Roſetta*,
" that I ſhall take no advantage of the
" confeſſion you have made to me. I
" do aſſure you, that in ſpite of myſelf,
" I have formed ſeveral romantic hopes.
" I wiſh, at laſt, that your ill fortune
" may revenge me ; your relations do
" not deſerve to be ranked among hu-
" man beings. But I ſhall not blame
" them, if they at laſt compel you to
" have recourſe to that *Roſetta* by whom
" you ſcorn to be obliged, and whom

" you

" you do not think capable of aſſiſting
" you, merely for the ſatisfaction of do-
" ing it. I am about to leave *Paris*, never
" to return; I muſt look back with con-
" trition, and wiſh to look forward with
" hope. I would therefore enter upon
" my retirement with ſome action that
" may allay the bitterneſs of remorſe,
" and by placing my feet in the path of
" virtue, ſtrengthen my hope, and ani-
" mate to perſeverance. Chance, but
" what is chance! providence has brought
" me acquainted with you; you ſeem to
" have been directed to me, that I might
" afford you aſſiſtance, and yet when I
" offer it, you refuſe it with impatience
" and diſdain. But let me think no more
" of this; let me aſk you, whether you
" have hope of better ſucceſs with any
" other perſon than you found with
" your family." No, replied *Chamont*, I
" have ſome friends, but as they were only
" companions of my pleaſures, I make no
" account of their aſſiſtance in diſtreſs.
" What, ſaid *Roſetta*, are you in-
" deed deſtitute? are you without mo-
" ney and without intereſt, and do you
" amuſe yourſelf with ſoliciting your re-
" lations. Surely it is an ill proverb,

" that neceſſity is the mother of inven-
" tion; go, take a turn in the fields,
" ſet your imagination to work, and
" rather than ſuffer it to be idle, let it
" build caſtles in the air. There are
" ſome illuſions which fortune takes
" pleaſure to realize; it is true, many of
" them vaniſh for ever like a dream,
" but they exerciſe the mind, amuſe
" the fancy, and diſſipate anxious
" thoughts; I will alſo put my inven-
" tion to the rack, and ſhall think my-
" ſelf happy if I can deviſe any expe-
" dient which may alleviate your diſ-
" treſs, and gratify the earneſt deſire I
" feel to contribute to your better for-
" tune."

*Chamont* aroſe to go out, and *Roſetta*, as ſhe was waiting upon him to the door, deſired his company over a glaſs of wine and a chicken at night, that they might compare the ſchemes which they had formed together, and ſee whether any of them could be reduced to practice; but that ſhe might be more certain of his punctuality at the rendezvous, ſhe dextrouſly ſlipped a purſe of gold into his coat pocket. *Chamont* went and buried himſelf in one of the moſt

ſolitary

ſolitary walks of *Luxembourgh*, where he ruminated much to little purpoſe; after he had tormented himſelf about two hours, as he was ſtriding along at a great rate, with a bewildered look, and an abſent mind, he ſuddenly thruſt his hands into his pockets, without knowing why, and felt a purſe. This diſcovery rouſed him from his reverie, and determined his immediate return, for in his opinion, the leaſt delay would have countenanced a ſuſpicion, that he had heſitated what to do. He came to the houſe out of breath; he mounted the ſtaircaſe, by two ſteps at a time, and ruſhed into *Roſetta*'s apartment. She ſaw him unable to ſpeak, and would not give him time to recover himſelf, but anticipated what he would have ſaid by ſome random queſtion. *Chamont* without ſpeaking a word, or regarding what ſhe ſaid, threw the purſe on the table, *Roſetta* affected an agreeable ſurpriſe, and began to congratulate him on his good fortune, in having at laſt found a generous friend. *Chamont* proteſted with great ſolemnity, that he had not ſpoke to any; ſhe then ralled him upon making it a myſtery, and pretended to ſee

through all his gravity that he was in jeſt. He then grew angry, complained that he was abuſed, and declared, that if ſhe would not take the money that belonged to her, he would never ſee her again. She refuſed to take it, denied that it was her property, and pretended that ſhe did not underſtand what he meant; ſhe perhaps would have ſtood it out to the laſt, if an ingenuous ſhame had not covered her with bluſhes. As ſhe was now ſelf-convicted, ſhe ſnatched up the purſe with a frown of diſappointment and anger, but ſhe took it with ſuch haſty negligence, that it ſlipped out of her hand, and burſting open in the fall, ſcattered 50 *Louis* d'ors all over the floor. *Chamont* began immediately to pick them up, but *Roſetta* deſired he would not give himſelf that trouble. "I ſhall be glad, ſays ſhe, with an iro-
"nical ſeverity, to pick them up my-
"ſelf, that I may be ſure they are all
"here; you have ſufficiently ſhewn
"that you place no confidence in me,
"and it is but juſt, that in my turn, I
"ſhould ſuſpect you." "My dear
"madam, ſaid *Chamont*, this anger
"is too amiable to move mine,
"but

" but may I, without offence, inform
" you, that there are ſome *Louis* d'ors in
" that corner which have eſcaped your
" ſearch". " May I, without offence,
" ſaid *Roſetta*, inform you, that you
" are more whimſical, and deſerve more
" to be hated, than any other mortal
" that ever I knew. Come, ſaid ſhe,
" with a ſigh, that immediately ſof-
" tened her voice, let me look up this
" money of your *Luxembourgh* friend."
" Pray do, Madam, ſaid he, and I beg
" you would reſtore it to him, and
" thank him in my Name."

This converſation was interrupted by a ſervant, who told them ſupper was upon table. " Come on Sir, ſaid *Roſetta*, per-
" haps you may vouchſafe me at leaſt
" the favour of your company." " With
" all my heart, madam, ſaid *Chamont*,
" the offer is too advantageous to be re-
" fuſed, but this is the only inſtance in
" which I am at liberty to ſhew you that
" I know my intereſt. Let me beg
" however, that you will not any more
" indulge the whimſical peculiarities
" of your humour at my expence."
" Granted, ſaid ſhe, provided that I,
" in my turn, may be at liberty to rattle

" you off, if I find you advancing opi-
" nions which are not agreeable to my
" fancy; come, let us make haſte to
" ſupper, for I am impatient to know
" the reſult of your walking reverie;
" you ſhall begin; I will afterwards tell
" you what came into my head; and
" we will ſee which of us has hit upon
" the beſt expedient."

While they were at ſupper, *Roſetta* diſplayed all the luxuriancy of her fancy to entertain her gueſt, but tempered her wit with all the delicacy that can ſooth an unhappy mind, which unguarded gaiety will inevitably diſguſt, and with all the circumſpection that was neceſſary to diſappoint the malignant curioſity of her domeſtics. When the deſſert was ſerved, ſhe ordered them to withdraw, and not to appear again till they heard her bell. They knew not well what to make of theſe appearances; the general figure of *Chamont*, the diſtreſs which appeared in his countenance and his geſture, but more than all, the meanneſs and negligence of his diſtreſs, perplexed all their conjectures, and kept them wholly in the dark.

" Well,

" Well, ſaid *Roſetta*, as ſoon as they " were alone, there is now nobody to " interrupt or overhear us; tell me " whether you have formed any ſcheme, " and what it is; I ſhall be delighted if " you can give me an opportunity to " applaud your ingenuity, and proud if " I can offer any uſeful hint upon your " plan." " Alas! ſaid *Chamont*, I have " been able to think of nothing but quit- " ting my country, and entering into " the ſervice of the *Eaſt-India* compa- " ny. What think you of that?"

" Why, ſaid *Roſetta*, I would adviſe " it, provided you firſt attempt another " ſcheme which I have to propoſe, and " it ſhould not ſucceed." *Chamont* now began to liſten with all the attention of intereſted curioſity; and fixing his eyes upon *Roſetta*, perceived a bluſh of ſolli- citude and diffidence in her countenance, mixed with an ardour and ſolemnity that increaſed his emotion. " Let me entreat, " ſaid ſhe, to be heard without interrup- " tion; ſuſpend your curioſity; and a- " bove all, repreſs any ſallies of injuri- " ous pride. I know that your family " poſſeſſes all the influence of wealth, and

" all

" all the honours which diſtinguiſh thoſe
" who have deſerved well of their prince
" and their country. I can eaſily be-
" lieve that they will again refuſe you
" the aſſiſtance which you have a right
" to requeſt of them; but I cannot
" think that they will ſuffer you to
" bring diſhonour upon their name. It
" is upon their delicacy in this particu-
" lar that my project depends for ſuc-
" ceſs; and I dare believe, that you
" may extort from their vanity what you
" have not been able to draw from their
" benevolence. Go to them once more
" to-morrow morning; your diſtreſs will
" be ſufficiently evident in your counte-
" nance; to that ſilent eloquence add en-
" treaty and importunity; and bluſh not
" to uſe the moſt ſubmiſſive terms, ſuch
" as may beſt expreſs your humility, and
" flatter their pride. If they are ſtill in-
" exorable, renounce at once the lan-
" guage and looks of a ſupplicant; give
" way to indignation and deſpair, and
" tell them that you are at laſt driven by
" their unkindneſs to do what is ſo in-
" conſiſtent with your own honour; that
" it will reflect indelible diſgrace upon
" them. Spare nothing that may alarm

" and

" and intimidate; nothing that may in-
" tereſt not their ſenſibility but their
" pride in your favour."

" What would you propoſe, ſaid *Cha-*
" *mont*, with a wild look and faultering
" voice? What would you propoſe?
" You make me tremble." " You
" need not be thus alarmed, ſaid *Roſet-*
" *ta*, I propoſe only a menace, which I
" would neither adviſe nor ſuffer you to
" execute; but do not look thus ear-
" neſtly and kindly at me; turn a-
" way your eyes, or I ſhall not be able
" to expreſs my purpoſe. When all
" your eloquence is exhauſted without
" ſucceſs, tell your friends that their in-
" humanity has determined you, with
" whatever reluctance, to avail yourſelf
" of the kindneſs of a girl who hath
" lived in great irregularity; tell them
" that *Roſetta*,—alas! the name of *Ro-*
" *ſetta* is known too well! has offered
" to ſhare her fortune with you, and
" that you will contract ſuch a mar-
" riage.—Let me not finiſh the pic-
" ture; ſuffer me to leave that to you;
" but ſpare not to give it ſuch a colour
" and expreſſion as the ſubject requires."

*Roſetta* was now ſilent; and as *Chamont* raiſed

raiſed his eyes from the ground, ſhe perceived that they ſparkled with tears; of this, however, ſhe affected to take no notice. "What is the matter? ſays ſhe; "you look as if the expedient which I "have propoſed was already rejected; "but if it ſhould ſucceed, will you have "any reaſon to be diſpleaſed with me? "and if it does not, will you have loſt "any thing by the experiment?"

"I ſhall probably, ſaid *Chamont*, in-"cur a new misfortune, which muſt "cruſh me at once; my relations will "not fail to procure a *Lettre de Cachet*, "and immediately ſhut you up in a pri-"ſon; an act of cruelty of which I ſhall "at once be the cauſe, and, in their "opinion, the juſtification." "Ah! "Sir, ſaid ſhe, let us run the riſque "of that; the loſs of liberty is not "much to be dreaded by thoſe who "have determined to renounce the "world. Beſides, you can but confeſs "at laſt, that the whole was a ſtrata-"gem; and that you never intended "ſuch an alliance; your known regard "for truth will gain you credit; and "my confinement, if it happen at all, "cannot poſſibly be long."

"Ah!

" Ah! *Roſetta*, ſaid *Chamont*, we had
" better break off a converſation of
" which I have great reaſon to fear the
" event. I leave you with admiration,
" and perhaps with ſentiments that lie
" deeper in my heart. I am determin-
" ed to purſue your advice; but, alas!
" I doubt whether you have not made
" me deſire to be again rejected. I
" cannot expreſs half that ſtruggles in
" my breaſt; I behold you already with
" veneration, and it cannot be long be-
" fore I indulge the propenſity of my
" ſoul to a more tender paſſion."

" Sir, ſaid *Roſetta*, I muſt now be-
" ſeech you to go to bed, you have
" great need of ſome refreſhing ſleep;
" I perceive that your mind has been
" too long upon the ſtretch, but I hope
" that a night's reſt will ſet all right,
" and that in the morning you will ei-
" ther ſmile or bluſh at the delirium of
" the evening."

" Very well, madam, ſaid *Chamont*
" with a ſmile, this is a new ſally of
" your wit; and now I perceive that
" you excel in raillery. I will, as you
" adviſe me, go to bed; but certainly
" not to ſleep; or if ſleep ſhould ſur-

" prize,

" prize me, you may be aſſured that my " imagination, or rather my heart, will " be only taken up with you."

*Chamont*, as he had prognoſticated, never cloſed his eyes the whole night; which, however, he did not think long. In the morning he found it extremely difficult whether he ſhould once more apply to his friends, or indulge the paſſion which *Roſetta*'s merit inſpired, and which the reflections, or rather the illuſions of the night had confirmed. His dread of ſcandal at length prevailed; and he paid another viſit to his relations. They treated him with yet more cruelty than before; they derided his tears as meanneſs of ſpirit; and when at laſt he threatened them with the marriage of *Roſetta*, they ſeemed glad of a pretence to juſtify their unkindneſs. " What is " it to us, ſaid they, whom you marry, " provided we are no more troubled " with your impertinent importunity; " however, take notice, that from this " hour we renounce and diſown you; " and if you dare henceforth to claim " kindred with this family, we ſhall " find a way to chaſtiſe your inſolence." *Chamont* heard this menace with the utmoſt

moſt contempt and indignation, and ſternly replied, " That ſo far from con-
" cealing his kindred to them, he
" would ſtudy to make it public.
" Not, ſaid he, becauſe I think it does
" any honour to me, but becauſe it is
" juſt that the world ſhould know that
" you are more unworthy the blood that
" flows in your veins than I am, ſince
" if I pollute it by an unworthy mar-
" riage, the action will be leſs mine than
" yours, whoſe unnatural treatment left
" me no other reſource. You ſhall not,
" however, be again troubled with my
" viſits, for I now bid you farewel for
" ever."

*Chamont* ran from this interview to the generous *Roſetta*, and haſtily entering her apartment, he cried out with great emotion, " It is done: Nothing
" in the world is now left me but you;
" you are father, friends, and family;
" for I have no other." He then ſnatched her hand, and preſſing it to his boſom, " To you, ſaid he, *Roſetta*, to you
" alone I deſire to belong; I will have
" no dependance but upon you; and
" your heart is all I wiſh to poſſeſs. I
" know the dignity of your mind, and

" there-

" therefore I truſt you will believe that " a mercenary motive is unworthy of " minds."

" You do not deſerve, ſaid *Roſetta*, " that I ſhould hear you, if you think " it poſſible that I could ſuſpect you of " poſſeſſing affection from ſo baſe a mo- " tive; but quit my hand, I entreat " you; if we are ſurprized in this ſitu- " ation, there will be ſome reaſon to " ſuſpect the ſincerity of my repen- " tance." " No, ſaid he, let me hold " it, for I wiſh there were ten thouſand " witneſſes of the reverence and affec- " tion with which I gaze upon you, " and which I am confident muſt be " applauded by all who know but half " the virtues of their object."

" I hoped, ſaid *Roſetta*, that ſleep " would have reſtored your reaſon; and " I am not only grieved, but almoſt an- " gered, to ſee you ſtill indulge ſo wild " a phrenzy. It is your eſteem, and " not your love, that I am ambitious to " deſerve; but I muſt renounce the one, " if you perſiſt to offer me the other." " Why, replied *Chamont*, ſhould you de- " ſire to divide two paſſions which can " only ſubſiſt together? I wiſh to be the

" object

" object of both, as I find the object of
" both in you; and ſurely we deſerve
" the happineſs which they never fail to
" beſtow, if we are indeed the objects of
" reciprocal eſteem and love to each
" other." " Alas! ſaid *Roſetta*, theſe
" are fine ſpeculations; they prove in-
" deed, that at this moment you are
" touched with tenderneſs and deſire;
" but they afford me no proof of laſting
" felicity, founded on a paſſion which
" reaſon juſtifies, and reflection will ap-
" prove. The ſame profeſſions that
" you have made, I have heard a thou-
" ſand times; and, unhappy that I am,
" I once believed; but misfortune has
" acquainted me with truth. Proteſta-
" tions of inviolable attachment are ſug-
" geſted in the vehemence of deſire, not
" only by treacherous cunning, but by
" miſtaken ſincerity; and if coldneſs,
" neglect, and diſguſt, have baniſhed fe-
" licity from the marriage ſtate, when
" there has been a reciprocal purity of
" morals, and equality of condition,
" what can I hope from the union you
" propoſe, where both will be wanting?
" After a few weeks you will yourſelf
" bluſh at the folly you have commit-

" ted.

" ted. Hatred will ſucceed to repen-
" tance; and I ſhall ſink under the
" weight of honour that is conferred
" upon me. For once believe the ex-
" perience that is always too dearly
" bought, and do not expoſe yourſelf
" to inevitable miſery. Let it ſuffice,
" that *Chamont* has, in gratitude to *Ro-*
" *ſetta*, offered her an alliance, which,
" in juſtice to *Chamont*, *Roſetta* has re-
" fuſed. Leave me to enjoy the plea-
" ſure of reflecting upon this event,
" which is greatly ſuperior to all that
" you propoſe; and let me add to it,
" the delight of affording you that aſſiſt-
" ance which is meritorious, only be-
" cauſe it is free; and which it would be
" injurious to degrade into an act of
" duty."

" No, ſaid *Chamont*, your refuſal of
" my requeſt compels me to refuſe
" yours. I can no otherwiſe accept any
" part of your fortune than as the pledge
" of your heart. You fear that I ſhall
" deſpiſe and hate you after my paſſion
" is gratified, and my neceſſities reliev-
" ed. It is therefore evident, that nei-
" ther love nor eſteem, but pity alone,
" has intereſted you in my behalf. Fare-
" wel.

" wel. I leave you yet with more an-
" guiſh than I had felt when I found
" you firſt." He then roſe up, and covering his face with his hands as he turned away, he went haſtily into his own apartment. *Roſetta* was too much affected to reply, and had but juſt time to ring for her woman before ſhe ſunk down in her chair. The woman was greatly ſurprized and terrified; but having given her air, and placed her as well as ſhe could on a couch, ſhe perceived her recover, and kept inceſſantly aſking her what had happened. *Roſetta*, who ſcarce heard her queſtions, made no reply; but repeated the name of *Chamont* ſeveral times, almoſt without knowing what ſhe ſaid. Her attendant immediately ran, and deſired he would come to her miſtreſs, who, ſhe believed, was dying, and wanted to ſpeak to him. He immediately ruſhed into the room, and throwing himſelf on his knees by her, took her eagerly by the hand, and tenderly urged her to ſpeak to him. By this time ſhe had recovered her recollection, though not her ſtrength; and being juſt able to open her eyes, and ſpeak loud enough to be heard, " See,

" ſaid

" ſaid ſhe, to what a ſtate you have re-
" duced me by the declaration of a paſ-
" ſion which can only diſgrace you ;
" and the refuſal of an act of friendſhip,
" which would make me happy. In
" eight days I ſhall leave *Paris* ; it is
" neither your intereſt nor mine that we
" ſhould ſee each other again ; but I
" once more entreat, that you would,
" from time to time, acquaint me with
" the ſtate of your affairs, and prevail
" upon yourſelf not to reject the aſſiſt-
" ance that I offer." " My dear *Ro-*
" *ſetta*, ſaid he, the whole of your re-
" queſt overwhelms me with love, and
" gratitude, and perplexity ; let me at
" leaſt ſee you while you continue here ;
" and when you depart, it ſhall be my
" fault if I don't diſcover your retreat."
*Roſetta*, being now recovered, diſmiſſed her woman ; and then gently withdrawing her hand from *Chamont*, " You are
" ſaid ſhe, the moſt unreaſonable of all
" men ; you would obtain every thing,
" and grant nothing ; you would be at
" liberty to ſee me when you pleaſe ;
" you would know whither I retire ; and
" you would profeſs yourſelf my lover
" without the leaſt return. But if I am

" to conſider you as a lover, I inſiſt on " the authority of a miſtreſs; here is " my purſe, and I declare it to be my " ſovereign will, that the ſum which " you ſhall think fit to take, ſhall be " the meaſure of the confidence which " I place in you, the eſteem I have for " you, and the ſincerity and ardour of " your love for me." " Agreed, ſaid " *Chamont*, I take the whole" And immediately he ſeized it with both his hands. " And now, replied *Roſetta*, " my dear *Chamont*, I embrace you; " now I know that you love me, and " that I have at laſt triumphed over " your pride. Forgive this ardour of " involuntary joy, and do not impute " it to the ſudden tranſport of an inter- " eſted paſſion."

*Chamont*, who was no leſs confident than *Roſetta*, that he had carried his point, retired once more to his room, tranſported at what had happened, and rioting in the moſt delightful hopes. *Roſetta*, however, having ſpent great part of the night in preparations for her journey, went out in the morning to complete the purchaſe of her eſtate. She dined and ſupped with *Chamont*, and

there was an end of expoſtulation and complaint, and both appeared perfectly happy in each other. The next morning *Chamont* came again to *Roſetta*'s apartment, intending to propoſe that ſhe ſhould fix the day of their marriage; but what was his aſtoniſhment and vexation, when he found that ſhe had removed all her furniture, and had ſet out, nobody knew whither, by break of day. The agitation of his mind in ſuch circumſtances is much more eaſily conceived than deſcribed. He went back into his room, having exhauſted his ſpirits in fruitleſs exclamations. He was ſitting in a kind of ſtupid inſenſibility, when he received the following billet:

*SIR,*

*LET our regard for each other ſtill continue; but let it be confined within the limits of a pure friendſhip. It was become neceſſary that I ſhould leave you; and my eſteem for you haſtened my departure. Your memory will always be dear to me; and I am, as much as I ought to be,*

*Your's,*

ROSETTA.

*Cha-*

*Chamont* was rouſed to new ſenſibility by this letter, and again reproached *Roſetta* with the fraud ſhe had practiſed. "How can I be content, ſaid he, with "the frigid offer of mere friendſhip? "And how can I hope for more? I "flattered myſelf indeed, that what I "had been betrayed to accept was the "bounty of her love; but ſhe has now "left me to repent of my credulity. "But I will ſeek her to the laſt hour of "my life; I will rather periſh than avail "myſelf of this perfidious gold; I will "obtain her love, or forget her in the "grave." After he had thus given vent to the paſſions of his mind, he dreſſed himſelf with great expedition, and juſt as he was going out, he met a man at his door, who deſired him with much ceremony, that he might have the honour of ſpeaking with M. *de Chamont*. "I am "the perſon, ſaid *Chamont*, but at preſent cannot poſſibly ſtay to hear what "you have to offer." "Sir, ſaid the "ſtranger, I ſhall detain you but a few "minutes; you are become proprietor "of an eſtate, of which this parchment "is the title-deed; and nothing is wanting to complete its validity but your

" ſubſcribing it in my preſence. "
" What is it you ſay? replied *Chamont*;
" either you muſt be mad, or I in a
" dream." " Sir, ſaid the man, I am a
" notary; and there are few madmen of
" my profeſſion. I aſſure you, that you
" ſeem to be perfectly awake, and that
" the deeds in which I am concerned,
" are of much more laſting conſequence
" than dreams." " Ah! *Roſetta*, ſaid
" *Chamont*." " The ſame, ſaid the no-
" tary; here is the pen; juſt put your
" name, if you pleaſe." " Sir, ſaid
" *Chamont*, I cannot do it; take the
" deed back, and only tell me where
" the eſtate is ſituated." " That, ſaid
" the notary, is the very thing I am or-
" dered not to do till you had executed
" the deed; and there is no other way
" to know it." " Come then, ſaid
" *Chamont*, with a tremulous voice
" and wild look, give me the pen."
" Charmingly done, ſaid the notary;
" and the deed will be good againſt all
" the lawyers in the world, as ſoon as I
" ſhall have regiſtered the execution, and
" counterſigned the enrollments; you
" may go and take poſſeſſion as ſoon as
" you pleaſe. Sir, your humble ſer-
" vant;

" vant; I wiſh you a good journey;
" pray make my compliments to the
" charming *Roſetta*."

As ſoon as this buſy civil gentleman was gone, *Chamont* ſearched the deed, to find out where *Roſetta* was retired, and immediately took poſt-horſes and followed her. After having travelled thirty ſix hours without any reſt, and almoſt without refreſhment, he arrived at the place nearly as ſoon as ſhe. " Hey day, ſays
" *Roſetta*, ſmiling, what has brought
" you here?" " I come, ſaid he, to
" do homage for my eſtate, to take poſ-
" ſeſſion, and to marry the beſt friend I
" have in the world." " I did not ex-
" pect you ſo ſoon, ſaid ſhe; I hoped
" you would have allowed me a little
" more time to make the place fit for
" your reception." " What can it want,
" ſaid he, to charm and retain me for
" ever? You are here, and you alone
" are the ſum of my wiſhes." " I have
" a great deſire to believe you, ſaid *Ro-*
" *ſetta*, looking tenderly at him, and
" my heart is ready to grant your
" wiſhes. But yet, once more, my dear
" *Chamont*, once more interrogate your
" own, or rather enquire not of your

" heart, but of your underſtanding, " whether we cannot live here under " the ſacred laws of diſintereſted friend- " ſhip; and whether thoſe of *Hymen* " will not diſturb our tranquillity, and " reſtrain our freedom." " Let me " aſk alſo, ſaid he, whether I can bear " to poſſeſs your fortune without your " perſon? Whether if I was to live " here with you, and derive my good " fortune from friendſhip alone, the " tongue of ſlander would ſpare us? " Whether calumny would not aſperſe " the purity of our manners, and make " the delicacy of our connection our " diſgrace?" " But, on the other " hand, ſaid *Roſetta*, will not ſlander " be more buſy, and more malignant, " if we marry? Will it not be ſaid, " that *Chamont*, having not ſtrength of " mind to ſuſtain his misfortune, rather " choſe diſgrace and *Roſetta*, than po- " verty and honour?" " Of this, ſaid " *Chamont*, I am under no apprehenſion, " for it is very eaſy to ſilence pride and " malignity with this reply: If you can " diſtinguiſh merit from parade and in- " ſolence, your hearts will voluntarily " atteſt, that *Roſetta*'s character is ſupe-

" rior

" rior to yours. Either your virtues " are only virtues in appearance, or you " practiſe them for ſhew and oſtentation. " *Roſetta* has confeſſed her faults with " humility, and attoned them by re- " pentance and beneficence. Let the " ſlaves of vanity languiſh in vain for " happineſs, and hug the chains, which " though they glitter to the eye, yet " corrode the parts they bind, and ran- " kle in the wound. Thoſe only are " the children of reaſon, who are united " to an heart which they are ſure to " eſteem, by the indiſſoluble bonds of " mutual gratitude, and derive from " perpetual complacence, perpetual " love." " Be it ſo then, ſaid *Roſetta*, " I cannot no longer withſtand the juſt- " neſs of your reaſoning, nor diſtruſt " the confidence which your virtue in- " ſpires."

*Chamont* and *Roſetta* confirmed their profeſſions of mutual and everlaſting love, at the ſacred altar of him to whom every thought is known; and who, tho' he holds the ſcorner in deriſion, yet deſpiſeth not the contrite heart. The preſence indeed of relations and friends, was wanting; but the poor, whoſe hearts

their bounty had made glad, were the witneſſes of their vows, and the partakers of their marriage-feaſt. The happy couple long enjoyed the pure and exalted felicity of that love which is the deſire of the ſoul, and the boaſt of reaſon. Their dwelling was the habitation of every virtue. They were never named without encomium, nor ſhewn without admiration; they are ſeen with joy, and heard with reverence; but few have endeavoured to become like them by emulation.

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## *The* DISCREET WIFE.

IN the gay reign of king *Charles* II, there was a young lady, whom I ſhall call *Sophia*, who was one of the maids of honour to the ducheſs of *York*, that drew the attention of the whole court upon her; ſhe was the reigning toaſt of that gallant age, and equally admired by the men of pleaſure, and men of wit; with her beauty ſhe was ſtrictly modeſt; with her wit ſhe was prudent and good-natured. Among her numerous

rous train of admirers, none ſeemed ſo agreeable and deſerving her eſteem, as the young lord *Altemont*, who, incapable of any baſe deſigns, even when ſuch deſigns were thought rather an honour than a reflection, gave ſuch aſſurances of his love, that *Sophia* eaſily ſurrendered her heart. *Sophia*'s aunt, who was her guardian, readily conſented to the match, and the nuptials were celebrated with a mutual joy. As this was a marriage not made up by treaty, but free choice and inclinations, they did not fall into that modiſh coldneſs and complaiſant indifference people of faſhion are ſoon apt to do. My lord was a man of unuſual ſweetneſs and affability of temper, which, when joined to that of *Sophia*'s, muſt neceſſarily make him happy with his wife; yet this happineſs of temper drew him into ſome misfortunes; his eaſineſs and credulity of the generoſity and openneſs of ſome companions, had like to have leſſened his domeſtic felicity, had not *Sophia*'s diſcretion prevented it. My lord had contracted a moſt intimate acquaintance with one Mr. *Grinſly*, a man of a pleaſant converſation, had a pretty knack of telling a ſtory, ſung agreeably, was an arch

mimic; and, in ſhort, a humourous droll, whoſe particular talent was to make people laugh. Such was his public character; but this was only a maſk to conceal the tricking gameſter, and the deſigning pander. To render himſelf more powerful with men of quality, he made himſelf inſtrumental to their follies or their vices, and was never without ſome new face to engage his acquaintance. My lord *Altemont* was not inclined to any of theſe vices that *Grinſly* was procurer of; yet this wretch had cunning enough to draw him into all: With drinking his health ſoon began to impair; with loſſes his temper was often ſoured; with wenching that fondneſs and cordial love he was uſed to ſhew to his lady, began to ceaſe. *Sophia* was not a little alarmed at this conduct; ſhe was too well informed of his vices; yet diſcreetly thought, that any violent oppoſition would but heighten the miſchief; on the contrary, ſhe took care to make home as eaſy to him as poſſible; ſtudious to oblige him, ſhe never diſguſted him with harſh reproaches, or ſatirical reflections on his conduct; neither, tho' careful to pleaſe him, did ſhe run into

an

an extreme of fondneſs; ſhe was not fond when ſhe thought it would be diſagreeable; for ſhe knew that a wife without diſcretion may make the tendereſt endearments the moſt troubleſome. *Sophia* was gay or fond, as ſhe found my lord in the temper to receive either; and without letting him know ſhe had an information of his gaming abroad, would propoſe cards or hazard at home, with ſuch company as ſhe thought would pleaſe him; and never forgot to include Mr. *Grinſly* among them.

Sometimes her propoſal was accepted, and by that means found out the ſharper, the pander, the flatterer, and the villain, in the drolling Mr. *Grinſly*.

Luckily for this diſcreet lady it happened, that, at the ſame time, *Flavilla*, a beautiful lady, who had married my lord's brother, was extremely uneaſy by her jealouſy; for, being certainly informed of her huſband's keeping a woman of the town, and, at the ſame time being ruined by ſharpers at gaming, *Flavilla* came one day to my lord to complain of his brother's conduct, and falſhood to her bed: She cried, ſhe raved, ſhe threatened to live not a moment

longer with him. My lord did what he could to pacify her, but all in vain; my lady ſucceeded better, who taking this opportunity to ſhew my lord his own foibles, thus addreſſed herſelf to her ſiſter: "I fancy, dear ſiſter, ſaid ſhe, you "want only a little prudential good hu-"mour to reclaim your huſband; beau-"ty and wit will not avail without diſ-"cretion. There is a paſſive kind of "virtue neceſſary to ſhew him his fol-"lies; it muſt not be done with ill-"nature and conſtant reproaches on his "conduct, which, I am afraid, is your "method. If my lord *Altemont* was "guilty of the ſame follies, (which I "dare affirm he never will) I ſhould "myſelf act as I adviſe you. You "have beauty enough to pleaſe a huſ-"band; have therefore an equal deſire "to do it; be the more ſtudious of his "humour, as he is more faulty in his "conduct; and let your affability ſhew "his injuſtice in wronging you: Nor can "you think this policy falſe, when the "miſtreſſes men viſit, exert all their "little arts to pleaſe them, and render "their company agreeable; and this for "gain only, without honour, without

"con-

" conſcience, and without love. Why
" then ſhould not a virtuous woman
" ſhew as great a deſire to pleaſe her
" huſband, as the artful jilts do to pleaſe
" their gallants. In ſhort, make home
" entirely eaſy to him, and by endea-
" vouring to fix his felicity, you will
" fix your own."

*Flavilla* was pleaſed with her advice; my lord approved it, and was ſecretly touched to the ſoul, for his tranſgreſſions againſt ſo incomparable a wife, who had acted what ſhe ſpoke, and had more perſonal charms than the woman, his falſe friend, had introduced him to. When he had recollected himſelf, he propoſed that his ſiſter ſhould bring her huſband to dinner next day, and that his lady ſhould repeat what ſhe had already ſaid, and he was aſſured it would have an excellent effect. It was agreed, but with this diſcreet condition of lady *Sophia*, that her diſcourſe ſhould be directed to my lord, to take off any ſuſpicion, that her diſcourſe was directed to his brother. The next day they met, and my lord ſaw himſelf diſcreetly attacked by his lady for his real faults, while ſhe ſeemed to take them for imaginary. To

what

what ſhe had ſaid before, ſhe added ſome reflections on the ill choice men of quality make of their acquaintance; among whom are the men of laughing buffoons, who lead them into all the vices of the age, under the falſe pretence of friendſhip; at which words looking at my lord in the moſt tender manner, ſhe concluded, "Theſe, my lord, are wretched "friends, who lead you into ſuch evils; "on the contrary, the friendſhip be"tween man and wife is cemented by "virtue, love, and intereſt; and can"not be diſſolved without deſtroying "the happineſs of both. Let not then, "my lord, any falſe friend deceive you "to your ruin. I deſire a continuance "of your love only ſo long as I endea"vour to deſerve it."—At theſe words my lord, overcome with the ſoft reproach, flung himſelf about her neck, and, amidſt a thouſand kiſſes, promiſed mutual love, and mutual happineſs. Theſe tranſports were followed by the like by the brother and his wife, who owned himſelf a convert to virtue and matrimonial love. Thus, what neither beauty nor wit could effect, diſcretion did:

did: their lives afterwards were proſperous, and their deaths happy.

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## *The* RAKE REFORMED; *or, the beſt way to reclaim a bad* HUSBAND.

*AMANDA* was the only daughter of ſir *Jaſper Traffick*, a merchant of *London*, whom fortune and induſtry had from ſmall beginnings made rich. She was a lady of a ſedate, rather than a gay diſpoſition, and rather an agreeable than a complete beauty. Her good humour and her great fortune were ſufficient charms to recommend her to any one for a wife, though her perſon might not be ſo engaging as to procure her many lovers for the ſake of love. Among the ſeveral gallants that made their addreſſes to her, Mr. *Rover*, whoſe father was very intimate with ſir *Jaſper*, was the beſt received. The old gentleman ſoon agreed on the match, and the nuptials were conſummated, *Amanda* bringing her huſband 20,000l, and he ſettling her in an equivalent jointure.

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As this marriage was rather a kind of *Smithfield* bargain than an union of hearts, it is not to be wondered at, if conjugal felicity was wanting. *Rover* was all gaiety, looſeneſs, and extravagance; ſhe all gravity, prudence, and œconomy; nor did ſhe obey her father only, in accepting him for a huſband; but taught her heart to love him with a perfect tenderneſs. Her huſband, on the contrary, looked on the match as a neceſſity, not choice; therefore as he had no love before marriage, he could ſcarce force himſelf to obſerve the rules of common civility after it. Within a few months after they were married, the fathers of *Rover* and *Amanda*, both died, and left their children to behave to one another as they thought proper, without any farther controul over their actions and conduct. Here was the beginning of *Amanda*'s hard trials, which her huſband's foregoing indifference gave her too certain promiſe off. He now plunged headlong into all the faſhionable vices and extravagances of the age; his life was one continued ſcene of revels and riots. He was ſeldom ſober, and ſeldom refrained from gaming:

gaming: he was a bully to all the ſharpers about town, and when he had loſt his money abroad, he conſtantly came to take his revenge at home. His wife was generally thought the moſt proper object, and he conſequently uſed her with all the inhumanity that his brutal temper could inſpire him with. *Amanda* bore it with patience, and never returned him an ill natured word, nor complained to her relations, who viſited her; but on the contrary, ſhe diſguiſed his faults, and gave him that good character which ſhe hoped he would deſerve. Gaming and drinking were not vices expenſive enough, but he muſt run into that polite one of keeping: from the moſt infamous part of the town he ſelects a miſtreſs, whom he maintained in the moſt public and genteel manner. She appeared like a lady of the firſt quality, and ſhone at the play and opera in jewels, once *Amanda's*! ſhe was naturally inſolent, proud, and wanton; ſhe was falſe to him, yet he was fond of her; ſhe quarrelled with him only to make him buy his peace, with ſome extraordinary preſent; for ſo bewitched was he to this profligate, that

he could not forſake her, he would have ſacrificed every thing that was dear to him, to her will. Whatever regret, whatever ſorrows *Amanda* in private might feel, ſhe never troubled her huſband with reproaches, nor contradicted his humour in its utmoſt extravagance, when he came home ſhe received him with open arms, and with utmoſt gentleneſs repaid his brutality.

By this extravagant courſe of life, his eſtate was mortgaged and encumbered; debts were every day contracted, till they grew ſo numerous, and his means of diſcharging them ſo ſmall, that his goods were ſeized, himſelf arreſted and thrown into priſon. *Amanda*'s relations would have taken her home to them, but ſhe could not deſert her huſband; ſhe made herſelf a voluntary priſoner, cheriſhed him with kind endearing expreſſions, and ſtrove to pacify his rage at his preſent misfortunes. The priſon, and deſpair of ever being freed from it, threw him into a violent fit of ſickneſs, in which ſhe attended him with indefatigable diligence, and ſhewed the ſame concern as if he had been the moſt endearing of huſbands. She wept over him,

him, graſped his hand, and wiſhed with the utmoſt fervency, he might recover, though it would be only to give new proofs of his hatred and diſlike to her. This indeed, made him ſomewhat relent; he owned his indiſcretions in his conduct to her, but owned at the ſame he was convinced of his folly when too late. The phyſicians told *Amanda* his life might be ſaved, but it muſt be by moving him into the air, otherwiſe he would inevitably die. This was enough for the love of *Amanda* to work on; ſhe immediately cauſed his debts to be enquired into, and found that if ſhe ſhould part with her jointure, it would entirely pay them of, and leave them about 50l. a year to live upon. She takes no notice of any thing to her huſband, but diſpoſes of her jointure, and ſets him at liberty. Immediately he is removed into the country, attended by his wife, and only one maid ſervant, in order to recover his health; it was now that he reflected on the falſhood of his friends and miſtreſſes, and the conſtancy and affection of his wife, who, notwithing all his barbarities; retained her endearments and good nature; who nurſed

and

and ſupported him in priſon; who preferred a dungeon and obſcurity with him, to pomp and plenty with her relations.

Convinced by theſe reflections he tenderly embraced his wife, aſſured her, that by her conduct he was made a perfect convert, and all the proof he could give of his ſincerity, was, to make their narrow circumſtances as eaſy as poſſible. I am well repaid, my dear *Rover*, replied *Amanda*, for all that's paſt by this tender kindneſs; by what I have done, I ſhall not ſuffer at all, if it may only make you think that I am worthy of your love.—Then embracing, from that moment, their mutual happineſs began, he had gratitude to love her as the beſt of wives, ſhe had good nature enough to eſteem him as the beſt of huſbands. Heaven was not long before it rewarded ſuch a reformation in him, and ſo much virtue in her. *Rover*, within the year, had an eſtate of 2000l. *per ann.* left him by a relation who was charmed with his new manner of life, and a ſon given him about the ſame time to inherit it.

By this unexpected acquiſition of ſo plentiful a fortune, he ſhewed his gratitude to *Amanda*, by ſettling a much larger

larger jointure on her, than ſhe had diſpoſed of to relieve him. Thus they now live in perfect unanimity and concord: he an example of gratitude to the men; ſhe a ſtrong recommendation of patience and good humour to the women.

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## *The* DISHONOURABLE LOVER.

LEONORA relates her own caſe in the following letter to a friend. "I ſhall begin with telling you what "may ſurpriſe you, that what you have "recommended to our ſex as the only "method to true happineſs has made "me unhappy,—a love of virtue.—To "explain this riddle.—I have for ſome "time been addreſſed by a young gen-"tleman in whom all charms ſeemed "to meet for my undoing. His conver-"ſation was genteel and engaging; "his perſon formed to pleaſe, but his "ſoul filled with treachery and hypo-"criſy. Such was the man, who after "frequent viſits and conſtant preten-

ſions

" ſions to honourable love, won ſo far
" upon my affections, as to make me
" confeſs the eſteem I had for him.
" Scarce had he gained this confeſſion
" from me, but this artful treacherous
" creature changed the ſcene; at the
" next viſit he began a converſation
" which ſurpriſed me, for he ridiculed
" marriage as the invention of prieſt-
" craft, an impoſition on mankind,
" and that true love required no ſuch
" tie. In ſhort, with a great deal of
" gravity, he would have perſuaded
" me to have yielded up my honour.
" —Believe me, ſir, this unexpected
" propoſal ſtruck me with ſo much hor-
" ror, that I could not immediately make
" him any anſwer: but when I had a
" little recovered myſelf, I ſhewed ſuch
" a deteſtation to his diſcourſe, and
" urged ſuch reaſons againſt him, that
" he aſked pardon in the moſt ſubmiſ-
" ſive terms, and owned himſelf con-
" vinced of his error. Pleaſed with the
" imaginary conqueſt, I readily for-
" gave him. Several days paſſed, and
" nothing but the moſt ſolemn pro-
" teſtations of virtuous love and eſteem
" were uttered by him, till being alone

" with

" with him one evening he endeavoured
" to poſſeſs that by force, which he
" could not gain by falſe voices, and
" falſe arguments; but I was again
" conqueror, and fool enough again to
" forgive him. If the moſt modeſt be-
" haviour and tendereſt expreſſions
" were a ſign of real love, he for ſome
" time ſhewed it, but it was only to
" introduce another artifice, in a man-
" ner which he hoped would ſucceed; he
" owned he thought marriage the only
" ſolid happineſs, and deſired I would
" give my conſent to have him. My
" heart would not let me deny what I
" ſo much wiſhed for; I conſented im-
" mediately, and he fixed the day.
" We joined hands to make the en-
" gagement more ſacred: but while he
" graſped mine, looking tenderly upon
" me, he cried in a tender tone of
" voice."—'Now, now, my dear, we
' are in the ſight of heaven, actually
' man and wife, you have now nothing
' to fear on account of your virtue; for
' what before would have been your
' diſhonour, is now become your duty.
' Deny me no longer thoſe pleaſures
' which now I have a juſt claim to, and

which

" which I will ever repay with mutual
' love and mutual conſtancy, or may
' heaven pour on me all the curſes.'—
" Here I interrupted him, and bid him
" not call for vengeance on his head:
" I ſee, Sir, ſaid I, your deſign; and
" that you are not ſhocked, to deſire
" heaven to be a witneſs to your falſ-
" hood; your deſign is not to marry
" me; for would you think me worthy
" to be your wife, when you had found
" me wicked enough to be your ——
" what I cannot name to you.——No,
" Sir, you are baſe enough to be bent
" on my ruin; but at leaſt it ſhall be
" innocent: I have been weak enough
" to confeſs I loved you; I do ſo; but
" unleſs you intend to perform your
" promiſe, never ſee me more; I ſhall
" bear the pain of loſing the man I
" eſteem, but never can the reflection
" of the loſs of my virtue!"— On this
he proteſted his intentions were ſtill ho-
nourable, and would ſtill convince me
that they were ſo: we parted; I in
hopes of being happy, he with a deſign
never to ſee me more; for the next
morning he ſent me the following bil-
let:

*Madam,*

*Your notion of virtue and mine don't at all agree; in complaiſance I gave up the argument; but here I ſhall take the liberty to tell you, I never intend to marry, therefore you'll be troubled with no more occaſions to ſhew your virtue to (once)*

*Your's,*

LUCULLUS.

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## *The* GRATEFUL MAGDALEN; *or, ſincere Penitent.*

*In a letter from one of thoſe unhappy women, inſerted in the* Public Ledger.

———*Your bounty is beyond my ſpeaking: But though my mouth be dumb, my heart ſhall thank you; and when it melts before the throne of mercy, my fervent ſoul ſhall breathe forth prayers for you, that*

*heaven will pay you back when moſt you need, the grace and goodneſs you have ſhewn to me.*

SIR,

THOUGH I can ſcarcely hope that my mean and unadorned eſſay, can be worth a place in your paper, yet I am prompted ſo ſtrongly by gratitude, that I muſt make the attempt; and ſhould eſteem it particularly kind, if you would enable me to ſpread, as extenſively as I can, my preſent felicity, and the bleſſed ſource of it.

Without further preface, Sir, I muſt inform you, that I am one of thoſe who owe my life, ſalvation, happineſs; every comfort, and every hope, to that happy place the *Magdalen Houſe*. Believe me in what I deliver; for I do aſſure you in the moſt ſolemn manner, that it is the ſtricteſt truth, I was amongſt the firſt that ſought that hoſpitable dwelling. Alas! it makes my very blood run chill, when I reflect on my ſituation when admitted into that houſe. Good God! was there ever ſuch an object of pity and diſtreſs! Abandoned by every friend I had; abhor-

abhorring my dire buſineſs, but obliged to continue it for bread; almoſt naked; broken-hearted; without a roof to receive me; without an eye to pity me; without any kind chriſtian to look on and reſcue me. People, Sir, think, that no hard uſage is bad enough for us in that ſtate: But, indeed, if they knew all, they would not think ſo. For as bad a creature as I might ſeem, I would have given the world to have been employed in any honeſt means of livelihood: Tho' there was a time when I thought ſervile employ much beneath me. But, alas! times were ſorely changed, and my afflictions were greater than could be fancied. If you indulge me by printing this, perhaps, when I can get a little time, I may ſend you ſome ſhort account of all my misfortunes, to ſhew that we are not all ſuch objects of every body's worſt contempt and inſults. But I beg pardon for running from my ſubject: Women's pens, Sir, are not uſed to great order.

In my calamitous diſtreſs I applied to the *Magdalen-Houſe*; and I was received with all that humanity which diſtinguiſhes the worthy managers of it. I

fancied, and foreboded every good to myſelf; when, on the day of admiſſion, I perceived many of the gentlemen wipe their eyes, while I was relating ſome of my early miſeries. For, alas! Sir, tho' I am old in grief, I have yet ſeen but nineteen years! It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe, as I ought, the comforts I found in this houſe. I was neatly cloathed, ſatisfactorily employed, and had ſuch proviſions as the very beſt would be contented with. But theſe were ſmall to the comforts abounding to my mind: The divine inſtructions I have heard in that chapel, which I muſt always think a little heaven (the door of heaven, I am ſure, it has been to me); thoſe inſtructions will never be eraſed from my mind! They have calmed my troubled ſoul, and have convinced me that my repentance will not be in vain; that my reſolutions of virtue, through grace, will not be ineffectual. Reſolutions! O Sir, can it be poſſible that any of us who have experienced ſo much the miſeries of vice, can ever return to it again! This, I think, muſt be impoſſible.—

To ſpeak of every thing commendable and humane in the houſe, would exceed my

my preſent limits. Nothing can be better calculated ſurely, for the relief, the comfort, the information, the happineſs of poor unhappy girls; and the gentlemen act like fathers indeed. Satisfied with my behaviour, our worthy and never enough to be applauded treaſurer, was ſo kind as, ſome weeks ſince, to inform me, that if I choſe to accept it, a place offered tolerably advantageous, and he would recommend me. I deſired his and our incomparable matron's advice; and in conſequence of that have accepted it. I was fitted out with all things proper and decent, much beyond my wiſh and expectation; and am happily ſituated with a worthy lady, whoſe amiable behaviour makes me perfectly bleſſed; and be ſatisfied my whole ſtudy ſhall be to pleaſe her; and to ſhew myſelf ſenſible of thoſe divine mercies which I have experienced, in the deliverance both of body and ſoul from death.

Now, Sir, all I wiſh is, that this may be known for the ſatisfaction of all concerned in this noble charity, whoſe humane breaſts it muſt fill with pleaſure, to think that they have redeemed a poor gi l from the depth of miſery; a girl not yet

twenty, who lives happy and peaceful through their bounty; lives to pray for and bleſs them every day! May the Lord of heaven crown them with all their heart's wiſhes, and increaſe the number of thoſe daily, who are friends to this deſign. To the advantages of which, not myſelf only, but numbers already are witneſſes. *Polly* *** is a comfortable inſtance: this charity has ſaved her poor mother's life; with whom ſhe now is; and I would fain have perſuaded her to write to you.

I believe I ſhould have deferred it myſelf, ſomething longer, had it not been for an accident which happened laſt night, and which determined me in my purpoſe; as I was led to hope, that perhaps this notice in your paper may be ſeen by ſome unfortunate girls, who may be curious to read a letter from one, unhappy enough to have been once of their number; though, thank God, by miracle almoſt, reſcued and ſaved. And great need there is for thanks. For, as I was about to tell you, Sir, laſt night, as I was going croſs our ſquare, on an errand for my miſtreſs, a poor creature, in a ſad hollow tone, begged me for

Chriſt's

Chriſt's ſake to give her a bid of bread. I turned to look at her, and ſhe was almoſt naked, with a tatter'd blanket thrown over her, and an old handkerchief tied about her head; ſhe aſked very preſſingly for a piece of bread, only a cruſt, any thing to relieve her hunger. I thought I knew ſomething of the voice; and taking her to the next lamp —bleſſed Father! can I ever enough expreſs my horror and ſurprize! I was ready to drop down! For it was *Nancy* * * * who came into the *Magdalen* ſome time after me; but her ſad temper would not permit her to ſtay there: ſo that the gentlemen, after having long tried her in vain, (for nothing can be imagined more tender and careful than they are, more ſlow to puniſh, more deſirous to continue us) — they were forced to diſmiſs her! and ſhe, having no friend to receive her, was obliged to return to her old way of life; and now, diſeaſed and caſt off, was at the point of ſtarving, when thus accidentally ſhe applied to me in the ſtreet! The moment ſhe knew me, ſhe burſt out into the moſt lamentable cries and tears I ever heard or ſaw! "Oh! happy girl, ſaid ſhe, would to

"God I had been like you; now I am "ruined and loſt for ever. I have no "clothes to cover me; no food to ſup-"ply my hunger; and I am almoſt pe-"riſhing with it; diſeaſe is preying up-"on me in a terrible manner; I have "no where to hide my head; I am caſt "out by every body; and in a few "days muſt periſh; and what will be-"come of my ſoul I dare not even "think."

You may imagine, Sir, what a ſituation mine was, while I heard her ſpeaking thus. I gave her what preſent relief I could; and provided for her laſt night. I have made her diſmal caſe known to my humane and charitable miſtreſs; and ſhe will aſſiſt this poor creature. And now, Sir, if I ſhould be ſo happy, after all, as to be made an inſtrument of ſaving my fellow-ſufferer, I ſhall bleſs God indeed; and think ſuch a mercy granted me, is a proof that he has graciouſly and fully pardoned me. I wiſh all the poor unfortunate girls in the city could have ſeen poor *Nancy* * * * for none, I am ſure, would then be bad upon principle, or ſtay a minute from the bleſſed *Magdalen* to periſh in the ſtreets like a beaſt,

beaſt, neglected by all, in cold, in nakedneſs, in hunger, in diſtemper — unhouſed, unfriended, unpitied, unrelieved. —What diſtreſs can be equal!—I hope, Sir, you will correct all my miſtakes; and as it is proper to conceal real names, I ſhall beg leave to write myſelf, now, and whenever again you ſuffer me to trouble you,

A GRATEFUL MAGDALEN.

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## RELIGION *and* INHUMANITY *perverſely joined*; *a true but unhappy caſe.*

MR. *S* —— was a gentleman of fortune, a native of the city of *Briſtol*. His wife died in childbed of a daughter, who was the very picture of her deceaſed parent, and of whom her father was ſo extremely fond, that he would often ſay, if he thought any harm would happen to her, even after his death, it would imbitter every future moment of his life, and break his heart

with ſorrow. As ſhe grew up, ſhe became the joy and admiration of all who knew her; and, at the age of ſeventeen, was ſollicited in marriage by ſeveral gentlemen of great eſtates.

Among the reſt who paid their addreſſes to her, was Mr. *M--ſ--y*, a gentleman of the moſt polite manners, and refined underſtanding. It was not long before his paſſion met with a ſuitable return from the young lady; and even the day of marriage was fixed.

But at this fatal period her indulgent father died, and left his daughter and her fortune, by his will, to the care of an old maiden aunt, whom, in conjunction with an elderly man, of the name of *B--f--d*, one of her own recommendation, he appointed guardians of her minority. This accident, afflicting enough to Miſs *S—*, was heightened by the odd behaviour of her aunt, who immediately carried her home to her own houſe, about two miles from *Briſtol*, where ſhe was confined as in a cloiſter, and treated without any ceremony, even by the common ſervants; it being the good old lady's maxim, "That young folks ſhould be kept cloſe "at home, and uſed harſhly, to break

"their

" their haughty ſpirits." The unhappy Miſs *S*——— yet comforted herſelf, in ſome meaſure, with her books, as ſhe delighted much in reading; but even that pleaſure her good-natured aunt did not let her long enjoy; for ranſacking her library, ſhe took away every thing ſhe thought fit, reducing the number of her books to a Bible, Prayer-book, Whole Duty of Man, and ſome dry treatiſes in divinity, for fear, as ſhe ſaid, thoſe other filthy ſtories ſhould ſpoil her morals.

This too her niece bore with patience; but now came on her trial. Mr. *M--ſ--y* having waited till he thought his miſtreſs's affairs were pretty well ſettled, came to pay her a viſit, but was denied acceſs to her by her aunt, and ſo roughly treated, that he was obliged to make but a ſhort viſit, leſt his paſſion ſhould carry him ſo far beyond all bounds, as to exclude all hopes of ever ſeeing her any more. But he was not ſo eaſily repulſed; he called ſeveral times, and tried to ſoften this obdurate old virgin, but in vain. At laſt he determined to take other methods; and having largely bribed the maid, who attended on Miſs *S*——, concerted meaſures for her eſcape,

which, though attended with many difficulties, he at laſt effected.

As ſoon as they had left Mrs. *G--lb--t*'s houſe (for that was her aunt's name) they ſet out for *Bath* in a poſt chaiſe, intending for *London*, with all poſſible expedition; but their journey was ſtopped by an unexpected accident.

The young lady being very much fatigued, and of a weak conſtitution, fell ſick, and was not likely to recover for ſome days. During her indiſpoſition, Mr. *M--ſ--y* going privately to the inn which they at firſt had put up at, accidentally met with a worthy clergyman of his acquaintance, to whom he intruſted the ſecret of his amour; and bringing him home to the lodgings he had taken, was at length perſuaded by Miſs *S*——, when grown better, to ſuffer him to join them in marriage, as ſhe could not ſo eaſily reconcile herſelf to accompany him in flight, leſt her reputation ſhould ſuffer, if any accident ſhould again ſeparate them.

This the good clergyman, tho' really uſeleſs, and contrary to the act, complied with at their earneſt entreaty; tho' they purpoſed,

purpoſed, as ſoon as they could leave the kingdom, to have the ceremony repeated.

But unhappily for them, they were by ſome means or other betrayed, when they thought themſelves moſt ſecure. On the ſecond evening after their marriage, as Mr. *M--ſ--y* and his wife were alone together, Mrs. *G--lb--t*, with the other guardian, attended by ſeveral ſervants armed, burſt ſuddenly into the room; there they found this loving pair tenderly embracing each other. Alarmed at their entering, Mr. *M- ſ--y* flew to his ſword, and would have ſtood on his defence, but that he was overpowered by numbers, almoſt as ſoon as he had graſped it. They then ſeized on the young lady; but what words can expreſs her diſtreſs! A thouſand times ſhe entreated them, in the moſt pathetic terms, to leave her at leaſt her huſband, though they ſhould keep all her fortune; and with ſhowers of tears, expoſtulated with them the barbarity of the ſeparation. To all which her aunt made no other anſwer, than by calling her filthy ſtrumpet, and other ſuch opprobious names, and threatening her with the uſage ſhe ſhould have when they got her down into the country.

try. At laſt, oppreſſed with grief, ſhe ſunk lifeleſs to the floor. Her lover, grown mad with the ſight, burſting from thoſe who held him, gently raiſed her in his arms; but her guardians were not in the leaſt affected with this mournful ſcene; they only made uſe of it to hurry her off; and ordering the ſervants to tear them aſunder, conveyed her, lifeleſs as ſhe was, to a coach which was waiting for her at the door, and inſtantly drove away.

Mr. *M--ſ--y* was by this time in a ſituation little better than that of his bride. Fired with the extraordinary exertion of his ſtrength and ſpirits, his fatigue threw him into a fever, which, together with his vexation, went near to coſt him his life; however, he was at laſt recovered by the ſkill of his phyſicians, and, as ſoon as he was able, ſet out for *Briſtol*, reſolving once more to deliver his lovely bride, or die in the attempt.

Accordingly, by a truſty ſervant of his, who went and hired himſelf into the family for that purpoſe, having found means to let Miſs *S*—— (for ſo ſhe was ſtill called) know his deſign, he appeared

peared one *Sunday* morning, with two ſervants and three of his friends, about one o'clock, beneath her window, to which he had fixed a ladder of ropes, and ſhe deſcending, they ſet forward for *Briſtol*, but were ſoon overtaken by Mrs. *G--lb--t*, Mr. *B—f—d*, and a number of others. Mr. *M—ſ—y*, finding they were purſued, committed the care of his bride to one of his friends, and turned upon his purſuers, and made a reſolute defence, but in vain; numbers carried it, and he had once more the mortification to ſee Miſs *S*—— forced from him. He returned home in the deepeſt deſpair; and how much was that heightened, when a few days after he received a letter from Mrs. *G--lb--t*, informing him, "That "the girl he had made ſo much noiſe "about was dead."

There needed no more to complete his miſery; he waited but to write an anſwer, and leaving it on his table, ſtabbed himſelf to the heart. So fell in the prime of youth Mr. *M—ſ—y*, a young gentleman of uncommon talents, an ornament to mankind, and a pattern of every ſocial virtue.

Mrs.

Mrs. *G--lb--t* in the mean time (who gloried in her wicked artifice, as juſtly concluding it would prevent any correſpondence between her niece and her unfortunate lover) continued, under the maſk of religious ſtrictneſs, to treat Miſs *S——* in the moſt barbarous manner; adding to the weight of her afflictions, already but too heavy, the moſt ſevere reproaches and brutal behaviour; and, what was ſtill worſe, if poſſible, ſhe obliged her to receive the odious addreſſes of *B—f—d*, her other guardian, whom ſhe mortally hated, and who, in the end, found means abſolutely to raviſh her.

The family was all gone abroad, purpoſely to give him an opportunity to torment her with his love; when the monſter, out of a ſeeming kindneſs, releaſing her from her chamber, took her into the garden, where, in a private walk, he perpetrated the horrid crime. In vain the injured beauty ſhriek'd for help; in vain implored him to forbear the violation of her honour; no aſſiſtance was near, and ſhe fell a victim to his luſt.

Frantic

Frantic with grief, ſhe complained in her diſtraction to her aunt; but this good lady's conſcience eaſily digeſted the rape. She ſaid Mr. *B—f—d* was violently in love with her, and he muſt be excuſed, as it was only an *innocent* ſtratagem to ſecure her to himſelf in marriage; adding, "That ſhe need not "complain, for all virtuous people "deemed her a whore before that." Sorrow prey'd on the vitals of the unhappy young lady, for two days after ſhe neither eat nor drank, when, on the third, her aunt, who all this while had bitterly reproached her, entering the room, ſaid with a ſmile, "I have heard "from Mr. *M-ſ--y*, and there is the "letter," (throwing it to her); feeble as ſhe was, his name revived her; ſhe cried, My dear Mr. *M—ſ—y!* my life! my huſband! And eagerly opening her aunt's letter, read to this effect:

"Madam,

"After what I have heard, my ſtay "in this world is ſhort; there is no-"thing in it worth poſſeſſing. Your "cruelty has been the cauſe of the death "of my wife; and I follow her. Be-

"fore

" fore this reaches you I ſhall be no
" more. You, perhaps, will triumph;
" but there may be a time when this
" will ſit heavy on your heart. I would
" even forgive you, if poſſible. Your
" own thoughts will probably be your
" greateſt tormentors, when they re-
" mind you of the dying

M—S—Y.

" *P. S.* I have but one requeſt
" to make; which is, that you will
" not put the name of *S*—— on the
" tomb of my dear departed bride.
" The reſt my ſword ſhall finiſh."

The unfortunate Miſs *S*— cried out, " He is dead," and ſwooned away, while her remorſeleſs aunt ſtood by, unheeding and unpitying her. As ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe locked her, as uſual, into her chamber, and left her.

The next day this injured lady fell into a violent fever, attended with a ſtrong delirium, which at laſt ended in a ſettled madneſs; the incoherencies of which were enough to melt the hardeſt heart,

heart, but that of the religious Mrs. *G- lb--t*, who ſtood by relentleſs, and would often, in that ſcene of ſorrow, bitterly reproach her; telling her, the preſent misfortune was a juſt judgment on her for her ſins; for which alſo ſhe would ſuffer in the other world an eternity of torments.

Death, at laſt, put an end to the miſfortunes of this unhappy fair; and ſhe expired at a lucid interval. Her laſt words were, "O cruel aunt! You have "finiſhed it at laſt! I come, my love, "my dear, dead huſband; they cant "part us again; O why did you leave "me behind you ſo long? O tender-"neſs," and expired.

Thus died the accompliſhed Miſs *S*— almoſt without the tribute of a tear, a victim to the rage of one who always was eſteemed by all, and ſtill is, by moſt people, the moſt ſtrictly religious and virtuous woman in *England*. Notwithſtanding Mr. *M—ſ—y*'s dying requeſt, her maiden name remains upon her grave, and ſhe bears with many people a bad character, though the relation I have here given (ſays the writer of it) is, to my certain knowledge, undoubtedly

and

and preciſely true; ſo falſely are the miſts of prejudice capable of miſrepreſenting the plaineſt facts.

*As our ſtories hitherto have been pretty much in the melancholy ſtrain, 'tis time to relieve our readers, at leaſt for a while, with matters of a more mirthful turn; for which purpoſe we ſhall preſent them with the following jocular tales.*

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## *Miſs* PHYLLIS *and her man* JOHN.

DEſponding *Phyllis* was endu'd,
With ev'ry talent of a prude;
She trembled, when a man drew near,
Salute her, and ſhe tum'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She'd ſooner take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you heard her thro' the crowd,
Repeat the abſolution loud:
In church, ſecure, behind her fan,

She

She durſt behold that monſter, *Man*.
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bite her lips, to make 'em red;
Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaus to ſee it bare,
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed;
The vicar and the ring beſpoke;
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?
See then, what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn, betimes, the bride was miſſing.
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid!
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of *Phil*!-the bridegroom came,
And thought his wife had ſculk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl had "ſuch a baſhful way."
Now *John*, the butler, muſt be ſent,
To learn the road that *Phillis* went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle crop;
For *John* muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her whereſo'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again the *D—l* to do!

For truly *John* was miſſing too.
The horſe and pillion both were gone!
*Phillis*, it ſeems, was fled with *John*.
Old madam, who went up to find
What papers *Phil.* had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
" To my much honour'd father——
" Theſe."
'Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows,
Fill'd with the choiceſt common places,
By others us'd in the like caſes;
" That long ago a fortune-teller,
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a glaſs had made her ſee,
" A ſerving man of low degree.
" It was her fate, muſt be forgiv'n,
" For marriages were made in heav'n:
" His pardon begg'd, but to be plain,
" She'd do't, if 'twere to do again.
" Thank God! 'twas neither ſhame, nor ſin,
" For *John* was come of honeſt kin;
" Love never thinks of rich, or poor:
" She'd beg with *John* from door to door.
" Forgive her, if it be a crime,
" She'll never do't another time.
" She ne'er before, in all her life,
" Once diſobey'd him, maid or wife,

" One

" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The thing was done, and paſt reca'ling;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his paſſion's over!
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was—his moſt obedient daughter."

Fair maidens all, attend the muſe,
Who now the wand'ring pair purſues.
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort,
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe, and both the riders tir'd;
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
*Phyl* cry'd, and *John* began to curſe;
*Phyl* wiſhed that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him:
*John* wiſh'd that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted *Peg*.

But what adventures more befell 'em,
The muſe hath now no time to tell 'em;
How *Johnny* wheedl'd, threaten'd, fawn'd
Till *Phillis* all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft ſhe broke her marriage vows,
In kindneſs to main her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade
For now the ſurgeon muſt be paid;
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In chriſtian patience due to *John*.

When

When food and raiment now grew
ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce;
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For *John* is landlord, *Phyllis* hoſteſs:
They keep at *Bath*, the old *Blue Boar*,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

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## *An* ANECDOTE *of the late earl of* ROSS, *of* Ireland.

THE late earl of *Roſs* was in character and diſpoſition, like the humorous earl of *Rocheſter*. He had an infinite fund of wit, great ſpirits; was fond of all the vices which the *Beau Monde* call pleaſures, and by that means firſt impaired his fortune as much as he poſſibly could do; and finally, his health beyond repair. A nobleman would not, in ſo cenſorious a place as *Dublin*, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confuſion, without being a general topic of reproach, and having fifty thouſand faults invented to complete the number of thoſe he had; nay, ſome aſſerted,

aſſerted, that he dealt with the devil, eſtabliſhed a hell-fire club at the *Eagle Tavern*, on *Cork hill*, and that one *W*——, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was indeed only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned: but what wont malicious folks ſay? be it as it will, his lordſhip's character was torn to pieces, except at the groom-porters, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none ſurpaſſed him for generoſity.

Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, the reverend dean *Madden*, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordſhip was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his paſt life; the particulars of which he mentioned, ſuch as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaſpheming his maker, and, in ſhort, all manner of wickedneſs, exhorting him in the tendereſt manner, to employ the few moments that yet remained to him, in penitently confeſſing his manifold tranſgreſſions, and ſoliciting his pardon from an offended deity, before whom he was ſhortly to appear.

It is neceſſary to acquaint the reader, that the late earl of *K—re*, was one of the moſt pious noblemen of the age, and, in every reſpect, a contraſt in character to lord *Roſs*. When the latter, who retained his ſenſes to the laſt moment, and died rather for want of breath, than want of ſpirits, read over the dean's letter, (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, ſealed up, and directed to the earl of *K—re*: he likewiſe prevailed on the dean's ſervant to carry it, and to ſay it came from his maſter, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of the contents. Lord *K—e* was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, inſomuch that, when he was married to lady *Mary O—n*, one of the moſt ſhining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this ſingle inſtance, it may by judged with what ſurprize and indignation he read over the dean's letter, containing ſo many accuſations for crimes he knew himſelf entirely

entirely innocent of. He firſt ran to his lady, and informed her that dean *Madden* was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epiſtle he had juſt received. Her ladyſhip was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could poſſibly be, but withal obſerved, that the letter was not written in the ſtile of a madman, and adviſed him to go to the archbiſhop of *Dublin* about it; accordingly his lordſhip ordered his coach, and went to the epiſcopal palace, where he found his grace at home, and immediately accoſted him in this manner. "Pray, my lord, did you "ever hear that I was a blaſphemer, a "whoremonger, a rioter, and every thing "that is baſe and infamous." "You, "my lord, ſaid the biſhop, every one "knows you are the pattern of humility, godlineſs, and virtue." "Well, "my lord, what ſatisfaction can I have "of a learned reverend divine, who, "under his own hand, lays all this to "my charge." "Surely anſwered his "grace, no man in his ſenſes, that "knows your lordſhip, would preſume "to do it. And if any clergyman has "been guilty of ſuch an offence, your

" lordſhip will have ſatisfaction from " the ſpiritual court." Upon this lord *K—e* delivered to his grace the letter, which he told him was delivered by the dean's ſervant, and which both the archbiſhop and the earl knew to be the dean's own hand writing. The archbiſhop immediately ſent for the dean, who, happening to be at home, inſtantly obeyed the ſummons: before he entered the room, he adviſed lord *K——re* to walk into another apartment, which his lordſhip accordingly did. When the dean entered, his grace looking very ſternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter: the dean anſwered, " I did my " lord." " Mr. Dean, returned the " prelate, I always thought you a man " of ſenſe and prudence, but this un- " guarded action muſt leſſen you in " the eſteem of all good men. To " throw out ſo many cauſeleſs invec- " tives againſt the moſt unblemiſhed " nobleman in *Europe*, and accuſe him " of crimes to which he and his family " have ever been ſtrangers, muſt cer- " tainly be the effect of a diſtempered " brain: beſides, Sir, you have by this " means, laid yourſelf open to a pro-

" ſecution,

" ſecution, which will oblige you either " publicly to retract what you have " ſaid, or to ſuffer the conſequence." " My lord, anſwered the dean, I never " think, act, or write any thing, for " which I am afraid to be called to an " account, before any tribunal upon " earth; and, if I am to be proſecuted " for diſcharging the duties of my " function, I will ſuffer patiently the " ſevereſt penalties in juſtification of " it." And, ſo ſaying, the dean retired with ſome emotion and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord *K—re* went home, and ſent for a proctor, to whom he committed the dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be ſent to him as ſoon as poſſible; in the mean time, the archbiſhop, who knew the dean had a family to provide for, and foreſaw that ruin muſt attend his entering into a ſuit with ſo powerful a perſon, went to his houſe, and recommended to him, to aſk my lord's pardon before the matter became public; " aſk his pardon! ſaid the " dean, why, the man's dead." " Lord " *K—e* dead!" " No, lord *Roſs*." " Good God! ſaid the archbiſhop, did

" you not ſend a letter yeſterday to lord " *K—e*?" "No, truly, my lord, but " I ſent one to the unhappy earl of *Roſs*, " who was then given over, and I " thought it my duty to write to him " in the manner I did." Upon examining the ſervant, the whole was rectified, and the dean ſaw with great regret, that lord *Roſs* died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours, after he ſent off the letter. The footman loſt his place by the jeſt, and was, indeed, the only ſufferer for my lord's laſt piece of humour.

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## *Some* ANECDOTES *relating to* VAILS-GIVING.

THERE are two ſtories current of a certain noble duke, lately deceaſed, relative to this ſubject. The ſtories were vouched to me, (ſays the relater) as truths, by perſons of undeniable credit: I know the three clergymen concerned, but had not the relation from any of them.

The

The duke, whoſe affability was very conſpicuous, on a journey into the country, accidentally met with a poor curate of his own name; he with his wonted good nature, enquired into his circumſtances, and finding them very bad, told him, that when parſon *A*—, who was then in an ill ſtate of health, died, if he would apply to him, he ſhould have the living of ——. The poor curate who was advanced in years, and quite unacquainted with the world, kept a good look out, and on the firſt intelligence of parſon *A*—'s death, which happened ſoon after, got a horſe, and ſet out for *London*, where the duke then was; and inſtead of putting up his horſe at an inn, rode directly to the duke's houſe, tied his horſe to the gate, walked croſs the court, and knocked at the door: on the porter's opening it, he aſked to ſpeak with the duke; the porter on ſeeing the miſerable object, who did not look as if he could give him a fee, immediately told him the duke was not at home. It happened luckily for the curate, that the duke was at that time in his dining room, which looked into the court: he ſaw

him as he was turning away, and ſuſpecting who he was, and that his mean appearance occaſioned his diſmiſſion, ſent a footman after him to call him back, who catched him juſt as he was mounting his *Roſinante*. When the curate was brought to the duke's preſence, he aſked him what his buſineſs was? "I am come, ſaid the curate, to ſee whether your grace will be as good as your word." "What's the matter, replied "the duke, is parſon *A*— dead?" "Yes."—"Why then get a preſen-"tation to the living, and bring it to "me, and I will ſign it."

Some years after, the duke promiſed the ſame living, upon the death of this man, to a clergyman in the neighbourhood, whom, for diſtinction ſake, I ſhall call *C*—; there was another clergyman, whom for the ſame reaſon, I ſhall name *W*—, for whom the duke had promiſed indiſcriminately to do ſomething. As *C*—, got the earlieſt intelligence of the late rector's death, ſo he got firſt to the duke's houſe in *London*; but, though his appearance was very decent, and ſuch as became a clergyman, yet, for want of a ſilver key, the porter would not grant him

him admiſſion; he was ſcarce got from the door before *W*— came, who well knowing the way of the world, clapped half a crown into the porter's hand; on aſking him whether the duke would be ſpoke with, the porter immediately ſaid, he believed he might, and introduced him to a footman, to whom *W*— reſolving not to be turned back again for want of a little money, gave a crown: that carried him a ſtep higher; he gave the next ſervant half a guinea, and kept increaſing from one to the other, till at laſt he gave a ſix and thirty ſhilling piece, which procured him a ſight of the duke, and the living too; the duke having then forgot his particular promiſe to *C*—, who ſoon after found means to get admiſſion alſo. The duke was ſorry for the accident, and made *C*—what amends he could, by giving him a poor vicarage of 45l. a year, inſtead of a rectory of 100l. a year.

*The next ſtory I ſhall give the reader, is taken from* Carte's *life of the great duke of* Ormond; *and mentions it under the year* 1652.

THE marquis (he was not then created duke) was left in no ſmall diſtreſs at *Paris*, but treated, on account of his quality and virtues, with great reſpect, by the *French* nobility. One of them having invited him to paſs ſome days at his houſe, at *St. Germain en Laye*, there happened, on that occaſion, an adventure ſomewhat ſingular; the marquis, in compliance with an inconvenient *Engliſh* cuſtom, at his coming away, left with the *Maitre de Hotel* ten piſtoles to be diſtributed among the ſervants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get credit for more when he reached *Paris*: as he was upon the road, ruminating on this melancholy circumſtance, and contriving how to raiſe a ſmall ſupply for preſent uſe, he was ſurpriſed to be advertiſed by his ſervant, that the noble-

man,

man, at whoſe houſe he had been, was behind him, driving furiouſly, as if he had a mind to overtake him. The marquis had ſcarce left *St. Germain*, when the diſtribution of the money he had given, cauſed a great diſturbance among the ſervants, who, exalting their own ſervices and attendance, complained of the *Maitre de Hotel*'s partiality. The nobleman hearing an unuſual noiſe in his family, and, upon enquiry into the matter, finding what it was, he took the ten piſtoles himſelf, and ordering out his chariot, made all poſſible haſte after the marquis of *Ormond*. The marquis upon notice of his approach, got off his horſe, as the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and reſpect, but was ſtrangely ſurpriſed to find a coldneſs in the nobleman, which forbad all embraces till he had received ſatisfaction, in a point which had given him great offence. He aſked the marquis, if he had reaſon to complain of any diſreſpect, or other defect which he had met with in the too mean, but friendly, entertainment, which his houſe afforded? and, being anſwered by the

marquis, that his treatment had been full of civility, that he had never paſſed ſo many days ſo agreeably in his life, and could not but wonder why the other ſhould ſuſpect the contrary; the nobleman then told him, "that the "leaving ten piſtoles to be diſtributed "among his ſervants, was treating his "houſe like an inn, and was the greateſt "affront that could be offered to a man "of quality, that he paid his own ſer-"vants well, and had hired them to "wait on his friends as well as him-"ſelf; that he conſidered him as a "ſtranger, that might be unacquainted "with the cuſtoms of *France*, and erred "through ſome practices leſs diſhon-"ourable in his own country; other-"wiſe his reſentment ſhould have pre-"vented any expoſtulation: but, as "the caſe ſtood, after having explained "the nature of the affair, he muſt ei-"ther redreſs the miſtake, by receiv-"ing back the ten piſtoles, or give "him the uſual ſatisfaction of men of "honour for an avowed affront." The marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to *Paris* with leſs anxiety about his ſubſiſtence.

*The*

# *The character of Mr.* HASTINGS *of* Woodlands, *near* Cranbourne *in* Dorſetſhire, *anno* 1636.

*By* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER.

MR. *Haſtings* was by his quality the ſon, brother, and uncle to the earls of *Huntington*; and his way of living had the firſt place amongſt us. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our nobility in ancient times. He was low, very ſtrong, and very active, of a reddiſh flaxen hair, his cloaths always green cloth, and never worth all when new, five pounds. His houſe was perfectly of the old faſhion, in the midſt of a large park well ſtocked with deer, and near the houſe, rabbits to ſerve his kitchen, many fiſh-ponds, and great ſtore of timber; a bowling green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it never having been levelled ſince it was firſt plowed: they uſed round

round ſand bowls, and it had a banquetting houſe like a ſtand, a large one built in a tree; he kept all manner of ſport-hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, badger, and hawks, long and ſhort winged; he had all ſorts of nets for fiſhing, he had a walk in the new foreſt and manor of *Chriſt-Church*, this laſt ſupplied him with deer, and ſea and river fiſh; and indeed all his neighbours grounds and royalties were free to him, who beſtowed all his time in theſe ſports, but what he borrowed to careſs his neighbours wives and daughters, there being no woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her; this made him always ſpeak very kindly to the huſband, brother or father, who was to boot welcome to his houſe: whenever he came there, he found beef and pudding, and ſmall beer in great plenty. The houſe not being ſo neatly kept as to ſhame him and his dirty ſhoes; the great hall was ſtrewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawks perches, hounds, ſpaniels, terriers; the upper ſides of the

hall

hall were hung with fox ſkins of this and the laſt year's killing, with here and there a pole-cat intermixed, gins, keepers, and huntſmen's poles in abundance. The parlour was a long room as properly furniſhed, on a great hearth paved with brick, lay ſome terriers, and the choiceſt hounds and ſpaniels, ſeldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be diſturbed, he always having three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round ſtick of fourteen inches length lying by his trencher, that he might defend ſuch meat as he had no mind to part with to them; the windows, which were very large, ſerved for places to lay his arrows, croſs-bows, ſtone-bows, and ſuch other little accoutrements. The corners of the room were full of the hunting and hawking poles. An oyſter table ſtood at the lower end, which was of conſtant uſe twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oyſters before dinner and ſupper through all the ſeaſons; the neighbouring town of *Poole* ſupplied him with them. The upper part of this room had two ſmall tables, and a deſk,

deſk, on one ſide of which was a church bible, and on the other the book of martyrs. On the tables were hawks hoods, bells, and ſuch like, two or three old green hats, with their crowns thruſt in ſo as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were pheaſants; a kind of poultry he took much care of, and fed himſelf. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting! in the hole of the deſk were ſtore of tobacco pipes that had been uſed: on one ſide of this end of the room was the door of a cloſet, wherein ſtood the ſtrong beer and wine, which never came thence but in ſingle glaſſes, that being the rule of the houſe exactly obſerved, for he never exceeded in drink nor permitted it: on the other ſide was a door into an old chapel not uſed for devotion, the pulpit as the ſafeſt place was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, paſty of veniſon, gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pye, with a cruſt extremely baked; his table coſt him nothing, though very good to eat at; his ſport ſupplied all, but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the beſt ſea fiſh as well as other fiſh he could buy; that was the day his neighbours

bours of beſt quality viſited him; he never wanted a *London* pudding, and always ſung it in with *my part lies therein*, &c. He drank a glaſs or two of wine at meals, very often ſyrup of gilliflowers in his ſack, and had always a tun glaſs with feet ſtood by him, holding a pint of ſmall beer, which he often ſtirred with a great ſprig of roſemary. He was well-natured, but ſoon angry, calling his ſervants baſtards and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which, and ſometimes in both, he often ſpoke truth to his own knowledge, though of the ſame man; he lived to an hundred, never loſt his eye-ſight, but always read and wrote without ſpectacles, and got on horſeback without help, and until paſt fourſcore he rode to the death of a hare as well as any.

*A ſhort*

## *A ſhort character of his excellency* THOMAS *earl of* WHARTON, *lord lieutenant of* Ireland.

*By* Dr. SWIFT.

*London, Auguſt* 30, 1710.

*THOMAS* earl of *Wharton*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, by the force of a wonderful conſtitution, hath paſſed ſome years his grand climacteric, without any viſible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind; and in ſpite to a continual proſtitution to thoſe vices which uſually wear out both, his behaviour is in all the forms of a young man of five and twenty. Whether he walketh, or whiſtleth, or ſweareth, or talketh bawdy, or calleth names, he acquitteth himſelf in each beyond a templar of three years ſtanding; with the ſame grace, and in the ſame ſtile, he will rattle his coachman in the middle of the ſtreet, where he is governor of the

the kingdom; and all this is without conſequence, becauſe it is in his character, and what every body expecteth: he ſeemeth to be but an ill diſſembler, and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he moſt practiſeth, and moſt valueth himſelf upon. The ends he gained by lying appeared to be more owing to the frequency, than the art of them, his lies being ſometimes detected in an hour, often in a day, and always in a week: he tells them freely in mixed companies, although he knows the half of thoſe that hear him to be his enemies, and is ſure they will diſcover them the moment they leave him. He ſweareth ſolemnly he loveth, and will ſerve you; and your back is no ſooner turned, but he tells thoſe about him you are a dog and a raſcal. He goeth conſtantly to prayer in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blaſphemy at the chapel door. He is a preſbyterian in politicks, and an atheiſt in religion; but he chuſes at preſent to whore with a papiſt.

In his commerce with mankind his general rule is, to endeavour to impoſe on their underſtanding, for which he hath

hath but one receipt, a compoſition of lies and oaths: and this he applieth indifferently to a freeholder of forty ſhillings and a privy counſellor; by which the eaſy and the honeſt are often deceived or amuſed, and either way he gaineth his point. He will openly take away your employment to day, becauſe you are not of his party; to-morrow he will meet or ſend for you, as if nothing at all had happened, lay his hands with much friendſhip on your ſhoulders, and with the greateſt eaſe and familiarity, tell you that the faction are driving at ſomething in the houſe; that you muſt be ſure to attend, and to ſpeak to all your friends to be there, although he knoweth at the ſame time, that you and your friends are againſt him in the very point he mentioneth: and however abſurd, ridiculous, and groſs this may appear, he hath often found it ſucceſsful, ſome men having ſuch an aukward baſhfulneſs, they know not how to refuſe on a ſudden, and every man having ſomething to hope or fear, which often hinders them from driving things to extremes with perſons of power, whatever provocations they may have received.

received. He hath ſunk his fortune by endeavouring to ruin one kingdom *(England)* and hath raiſed it by going far in the ruin of another *(Ireland)*. With a good natural underſtanding, a great fluency in ſpeaking, and no ill taſte of wit, he is generally the worſt companion in the world; his thoughts being wholly taken up between vice and politicks, ſo that baudy, profaneneſs, and buſineſs fill up his whole converſation. To gratify himſelf in the two firſt he maketh uſe of ſuitable favourites, whoſe talants reach no higher than to entertain him with all the lewdneſs that paſſeth in town. As for buſineſs, he is ſaid to be very dextrous at that part of it which turneth upon intrigue, and he ſeemeth to have transferred thoſe talents of his youth, intriguing with women, into public affairs. For as ſome vain young fellows, to make a gallantry appear of conſequence, will chuſe to venture their necks by climbing up a wall or window at midnight to a common wench, where they might as freely have gone in at the door, and at noon day; ſo his excellency, either to keep himſelf in practice, or advance the fame of his politicks,

ticks, affects the moſt obſcure, troubleſome, and winding paths, even in the moſt common affairs, thoſe which would be brought about as well in the ordinary terms or would follow of courſe whether he intervened or not.

He bears the gallantry of his lady with the indifference of a ſtoic, and thinks them well recompenced by a return of children to ſupport his family, without the fatigues of being a father. He has three predominant paſſions, which you will ſeldom find united in the ſame man, as ariſing from different diſpoſitions of mind, and naturally thwarting each other; theſe are love of power, love of money, and love of pleaſure; they ride him ſometimes by turns, and ſometimes all together, ſince he went into *Ireland*, he ſeemeth moſt diſpoſed to the ſecond, and hath met with great ſucceſs, having gained by his government, of under two years 45,000l. by the moſt favourable computation, half in the regular way, and half in the prudential.

He was never yet known to refuſe or keep a promiſe; but here I deſire to diſtinguiſh between a promiſe and a bargain;

gain; for he will be ſure to keep the latter, when he has the faireſt offer.—Thus much for his excellency's character.

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## SERVIN: *a remarkable character.*

THE duke of *Sully* being appointed ambaſſador from *Henry the Great* of *France*, to the court of *England*, ſet forward for *Calais* in *June* 1603. He had a retinue of above two hundred gentlemen, ſome of whom were of the firſt diſtinction; among them was one whoſe name was *Servin*; he was preſented by his father to the duke, with a requeſt that he would try to make him a man of ſome worth and honeſty; but he confeſſed it was more than he dared to hope, not from want of capacity or underſtanding in his ſon, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice.

By the report of the father, the duke's curioſity was excited to gain a thorough knowledg

knowledge of the ſon, whom he found to be at once both a wonder and a monſter, poſſeſſing the moſt excellent and moſt pernicious qualities. He was (ſays that nobleman) of a genius ſo lively, and an underſtanding ſo extenſive, as rendered him ſcarce ignorant of any thing that could be known; of ſo vaſt and ready a comprehenſion, that he immediately made himſelf maſter of what he attempted: and of ſo prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned; he poſſeſſed all parts of philoſophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing; even in theology he was ſo well ſkilled that he was an excellent preacher when he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able diſputant either for or againſt the reformed religion; he not only underſtood *Greek* and all the languages which we call learned, but alſo all the different jargons, or modern dialects; he accented and pronounced them ſo naturally, and ſo perfectly imitated the geſtures and manners both of the ſeveral nations of *Europe*, and the particular provinces of *France*, that he might have been taken for a native of all or any of

of theſe countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all ſorts of perſons, wherein he ſucceeded wonderfully; he was moreover the beſt comedian and greateſt droll that perhaps ever appeared; he had a genius for poetry, and had wrote many verſes; he played upon almoſt all inſtruments, was a perfect maſter of muſic, and ſung moſt agreeably and juſtly: he likewiſe could ſay maſs; for he was of a diſpoſition to do as well as to know all things: his body was perfectly ſuited to his mind, he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exerciſes; he could ride well, and in dancing, wreſtling, and leaping he was admired: there are not any recreative games he did not know, and he was ſkilled in almoſt all mechanic arts.—On the reverſe.—it appeared, that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful; a lyar, a cheat, a drunkard, and glutton; a ſharper in play, immerſed in every ſpecies of vice, a blaſphemer, an atheiſt; in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to human nature, honour, religion, and ſociety; the truth of which, he himſelf evinced with his lateſt breath, for he died in the flower

of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glaſs in his hand, curſing and denying God.

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## SPANISH HONOUR.

AT *Madrid* Signior *Alvarez* and Don *Lopez*, two *Spaniſh* gentlemen, happened in a public place, to enter into a warm diſpute; one hot word produced a hotter, and contradictions begot one another like *Jews*. Signior *Alvarez* finding his blood grow hot, thought the readieſt way to cool it was to let out ſome of Don *Lopez*'s, accordingly he caught up ſomething, and inſtantly broke his head. On this the debate ended, and inſtead of urging his argument any farther, drew his ſword, which example was followed by the whole company. The two diſputants put themſelves in a poſture of defence, then like great generals and wiſe politicians, began a treaty ſword in hand; on this their friends found, that on a proper mediation a peace might be concluded

cluded on, if they would hit on ſome expedient to adjuſt ſome punctilo's of honour. They diſarmed the two antagoniſts, and leaving them under the care of two or three friends, the reſt retired to argue the point. Many ſalvo's and punctilio's were found out, yet none ſatisfactory in the judgment of their mutual friends; this would too much derogate from the honour of *Alvarez*, that was not equivalent to the affront Don *Lopez* had received; at laſt Signior *Camillo*, a man of great ſagacity, told the company, that a ſhort memory was no more a reflection to a man of honour, than a man of wit; therefore if their two friends would forget all that was paſt, the thing was at once adjuſted. The propoſal was univerſally applauded, and two perſons diſpatched to whiſper it ſeparately to the parties concerned, which they immediately came into; upon this, Don *Lopez* and *Alvarez*, were ſent for in, and they entered hand in hand, each ſmiling on one another. *Alvarez* addreſſed himſelf to Signior *Camillo*, and ſaid, it had been reported he had ſtruck Don *Lopez* on the head, but he came there to do himſelf and the

brave Don juſtice, declaring upon his honour he remembered no ſuch accident: and you may depend on it, cried *Lopez*, if I had remembered any ſuch thing, which if true, I could never have forgot, I would have righted myſelf before now with the blood of my adverſary; but Signior *Alvarez* is my worthy friend, and a man of honour. By this punctilio their honour and lives were both ſaved; and their courage and memory ſet on ſo equal a level, that neither of them could reproach the other with the want of either.

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## *The* FACETIOUS GLUTTON.

A Venerable fellow at one of our univerſities was remarkable for two things; a great ſtock of wit, and as great a ſtomach; there was not a college in town could have a feaſt, but he was certainly there, to furniſh the table with mirth, and ſhew the keenneſs of his appetite as well as that of his wit; for his capacity of devouring was equal to his talent of humour, and as he ſpoke more than any ſix, ſo he eat more than

than ſix that ſat near him. At one of the public entertainments, where he was a gueſt, he was obſerved after half an hour's facetiouſneſs and gluttony, juſt as the laſt courſe was going to be removed, to ſeem very much concerned, and look with an unuſual melancholy; every one about him wondered at the doctor's gloomineſs; at laſt the dean of the college, who ſat oppoſite to him, aſked him the reaſon. "Sir, anſwered he, "I am very ill, I am exceedingly out "of order." "Dear doctor, anſwered "the dean; you look well and roſy, "your colour is freſh, and you dont "ſeem to have loſt your ſtomach." "Mr. dean, replied our reverend "trencherman, however well my looks "may be, my caſe is deſperate, I am "not long a man of this world; the "proof is too plain, for when I had "my health, I never dined in this hall "but before the laſt courſe, my ſur-"cingle fairly touched the margin of "this table; you ſee, notwithſtand-"ing my beſt endeavours at the veniſon "paſty, I am now diſtant full *three* "*inches*: It is no toucher, my ſtomach "fails, and I am a gone man." "Is

" that the caſe, cried the dean; cou-
" rage, doctor, though you have not
" reached to a toucher, for you muſt
" know we have had the table moved
" ſix inches further from the bench you
" ſit upon, and therefore inſtead of
" loſing *three inches*, you have gained
" *three* in that prodigious rotundity of
" fleſh."—" O, ho, is that the buſineſs,
" it is well enough then," anſwered the doctor, with a ſmile upon his countenance, and immediately reſumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled home to his chamber with the utmoſt ſatisfaction and complacency of mind.

Whenever I reflect on the courage of our armies, I cannot forget thoſe *Engliſh* meals which originally gave it, and therefore I cannot but praiſe a ſpeech a colonel in the guards made in the late wars to his company of grenadiers. Juſt at the engagement of the battle in the woods, when a battalion of the guards were ordered on a deſperate attack, a general officer who commanded them began a long ſpeech to excite the men. " What
" ſignifies all this, cries the colonel of
" the guards, then turning to his men,

*Remember*,

" *Remember, my* Engliſh *lads, your* beef " *and your* pudding; *march up and ſinge* " *the beards of them.*" It is almoſt needleſs to add, how readily the grenadiers obeyed, and with what native intrepidity the attack was carried.

As I mention this ſtory in juſtice to an *Engliſh* ſoldier, I cannot forbear relating another to do juſtice to an *Engliſh* cook. During a truce or ceſſation of arms, when the duke of *Marlborough* commanded in *Flanders*, among the mutual gallantries, viſits, and treats of the generals, and general officers, the cook of the marſhal of *France* invited the cook of the duke to dine with him. On ſuch an occaſion (they being as great rivals in their way, as their maſters in theirs) they were expected to ſhew the utmoſt of their ſkill. The *Frenchman* had at his entertainment all the extraordinary kick-ſhaws, the fertile imagination of his country's art could invent, or his own whims produce. Mr. *Lamb*, the *Engliſh* cook, allowed him to be a prodigious maſter in the culinary art, and on ſuch a day invited him to return the viſit. The day, the

cook and the gueſts came, and when all were in expectation of ſome maſter-ſtroke, in giving ſome diſhes a falſe appearance, or in the artful ſeaſoning of others, there was brought in a plain ſirloin of beef and plumb pudding. " After a ſhort ſurpriſe, ſays " the *Frenchman*, this is ſo uncommon " a diſh on this occaſion, that I did not " expect any thing like it." " Monſieur, anſwers Mr. *Lamb*, this is a " diſh proper for every *Engliſhman* to " be proud of; this diſh has carried " my countrymen twice through *France* " already, and I dont doubt but it will " a third time." Mr. *Lamb* was not unhappy in his prophecy, for the ſucceſs of that campaign, carried the *Engliſh* glory to the utmoſt height.

Nor can I think that good eating is more conducive to good humour, religion, politicks, and courage, than it is to wit. Some of my reader's may be ſurpriſed at this doctrine, and imagine that a hearty meal will oppreſs the genius, and a full belly convey a ſtupendous dulneſs to the brain; but I appeal to all my brother authors of *Great-Britain*, whether they don't write

write beſt when they eat beſt; for how can their imaginations riſe when the demands of nature call upon them from below? their whole mind is bent upon what they want moſt, and every idea has ſome relation to victuals; I was wonderfully pleaſed with a ſcene in one of Mr. *Fielding*'s farces, in which is introduced a various collection of authors, who were all clubbing to produce ſome poem; as a *ſimile* was a thing abſolutely neceſſary; they were all in a profound cogitation to find out one ſuitable to the ſubject; when one ſtarted up in a ſudden rapture—I have it—*What think you of an* oyſter, *gentlemen?—Rot your ſimile*, cries a meagre ſon of the muſes, who ſat on the other ſide of the table, *it has made my mouth water.*

Notwithſtanding the reflection, that wit is the child of poverty, I believe I might more dogmatically affirm, that good eating is the parent of good ſenſe; for thoſe authors who have the greateſt reputation for wit, kept ſuch polite company that they never wanted a polite meal.

## *A comical Adventure of a* POPISH PROCESSION.

A Merchant of *Marſeilles* has given a relation of an odd adventure that lately happened in his own country.

You won't be ſorry, my friend, if I inform you of a comical event, occaſioned by a celebrated proceſſion, made here ſome days ago. The monks built an altar in the ſtreet to repoſe a ſhrine, which was carried through the town; they raiſed a kind of dome, ſupported by pillars of wood, and wreathed with boughs; under the dome was formed the grotto hung with greens, in which they were to place the figure of *St. Mary Magdalen*; but that it might have as near a reſemblance as poſſible with the original, they undreſs'd a young virgin of fifteen years of age, and put her in a poſture to repreſent the expiring ſaint; ſhe was laid on a bed of graſs turf, and her hair was ſo artfully diſpoſed, that few places of her body were left naked, and expoſed to the eye of the beholder.

This

This animated ſtatue was charged to lie ſtill without motion, till the ceremony was over. The proceſſion, in ſhort, defiled before the altar; but when the biſhop, in paſſing by, was going to reſt the relicts of this ſaint for ſome moments, the ſtatue forgetting the part ſhe was to act, and touched with a fit of devotion, ſtarted up, and put herſelf on her knees before the ſhrine. Her fine long curled locks which covered her, fell down behind her; and the damſel remaining in the pure ſtate of nature, offered to the ſight of the ſpectators, ſuch lively beauties as appeared nothing like thoſe of a dying perſon. The biſhop, a truly pious prelate, was really ſcandalized at the impertinence and folly of the monks, and to puniſh them for having executed ſo ſtupid a project, interdicted the community, and was ſo much provoked at the farce they had acted, that in all likelihood it will be a long while e'er he grants them the powers he has lately taken from them.

# SPANISH GALLANTRY.

THE *Etiquette* was a certain regulation, which contained all the ceremonies which the *Spaniſh* monarchs were obliged to obſerve, and which they durſt not upon any pretence break through; but yet was a greater check upon the liberty of the queen conſort; for they were often forbid things the moſt innocent. The ducheſs of *Terra Nova*, who was *camerara major* to the wife of *Charles* II, told her majeſty plainly, that the queens of *Spain* muſt not look out of the windows of the palace.

There happened to this princeſs an adventure, which by the formalities of the *Etiquette*, had like to have loſt her her life. The queen was very fond of riding, and ſeveral fine horſes having been brought her from *Andaluſia*, ſhe had a mind to try one of them; but ſhe had no ſooner mounted, when the proud ſteed began to prance and caper; and, at length, threw the royal rider; and, what was worſe, her majeſty's foot hitch'd in the ſtirrup, and the horſe dragged her along

along to the utmoſt peril of her life. All the court were ſpectators of this unlucky accident; but nobody had thought of ſuccouring the queen; the *Etiquette* formally oppoſed it; for it forbid any man whatſoever, on pain of death, to touch the queen of *Spain*, and more eſpecially her foot. I do not know why her foot, rather than her hand, ſhould be prohibited; but, in ſhort, that was the law, and therefore nobody durſt approach her. *Charles* II, who had a great love for his queen, and who, from a balcony, ſaw the danger ſhe was in, cried out vehemently, but the cuſtom was inviolable, and the *untouchable* foot retained the grave *Spaniards* from intermeddling in ſo delicate an affair. At length, two briſk cavaliers, one named *Don Louis de las Torres*, and the other *Don Jaine de Sotomajor*, reſolved to hazard all in ſpite of the law of *the queen's foot*. One ſeized the bridle of the horſe, and the other laid hold of the queen's foot, and took it out of the ſtirrup; and, in rendering her this ſervice, diſplaced one of his fingers. When this was done, the cavaliers took the advantage of the confuſion this accident occaſioned, and, without ſtop-

ſtopping, went home, got their horſes ſaddled, and fled from the puniſhment they had incurred, for daring to offend againſt ſo ſtrict and ſo auguſt a cuſtom.

The queen recovering from her fright, deſired to ſee her two deliverers. A young lord, their friend, told her majeſty, they were obliged to fly the country to avoid the puniſhment they had merited. The queen, who was a *French* woman, and knowing nothing of the prerogative of her heel, and, probably, without this fall, had ever remained ignorant of it, imagined it a very impertinent cuſtom to puniſh men for ſaving her life. In ſhort, ſhe eaſily obtained their pardon from the king her huſband; honoured them with a handſome preſent, and granted them her protection.

But notwithſtanding the reſtraint laid on them by the *Etiquette*, the queens of *Spain* have been fond enough of gallantry, which helped to rid them of a troubleſome and ridiculous yoke. The wife of *Philip* IV, (if we may credit the hiſtorians of thoſe days) had a liking to the count *de Monterei*, and ſhe was at a loſs how to make him ſenſible of it. The *Etiquette* was now fixed, which ſettled the

the ceremonial to be obſerved with regard to the king's amours; but no mention was made therein with reſpect to thoſe of the queen. The princeſs could find no better expedient than to drop a paper out of her hand one day, when *Monterei* was giving her an account of an affair with which ſhe had charged him. He took it up, and, with one knee to the ground, preſented it to her; *Perhaps*, ſays the queen, *you imagine this paper to be of importance. I will have you judge of it.* The count therein read theſe words: *I ſpend the night without reſt, alone, dull, forming of deſires; my pain is a martyrdom; but ſuch as I take delight in.* The count (who never imagined that a queen of *Spain* could ſtoop ſo low as to diſcover the tenderneſs of her heart) ſeemed not to underſtand the meaning of the letter, and peruſed it in a cool manner, ſo natural to a *Spaniard.* The queen obſerved his indifference, grew outrageous, and, with ſpite and indignation, ſnatch'd it out of his hands. "Go, ſays ſhe, you may juſtly ſay, *Da-*
"*mina non ſum dignus.*"

# *The* CONVOCATION *of* OLD MAIDS.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a paper was publiſhed under the title of the *Univerſal Spectator*, by *Henry Stonecaſtle*, Eſq; chiefly intended for the amuſement of the fair ſex, to correct their foibles, and recommend the ſocial virtues to their eſteem and practice. Among other topics was one entitled, The *Convocation of Old Maids*, ſigned by *Patty Pos*; which, as it is writ in a ſtrain of humour very diverting, I believe will be no diſagreeable entertainment to the reader.

" You know, Sir, ſays *Patty*, that " you men have had all the rule and " authority in your own hands; you " have taken upon you to be judges in " your own diſputes, and have impoſed " a rigid cuſtom on us, not to ſpeak " till we are ſpoken to, under the pe- " nalty of forfeiting our modeſty and " reputation; but have indulged your- " ſelves, good ſouls! with the liberty " of never ſpeaking at all; and if we are

" ſo

" ſo unfortunate as never to be aſked the
" queſtion, or to refuſe the only deform-
" ed wretch who perchance opens his
" mouth, it is ſuch an evidence of our
" guilt, that we are branded with *infamy*
" for being *old maids*, and doomed to
" ſcorn and contempt here, and *Apes* and
" *Devils* hereafter.

" Is it not enough that we, who are
" arrant fleſh and blood, are obliged to
" diſſemble our paſſions, ſeem what we
" are not, and ſpeak what we do not
" think; that we muſt appear all ice,
" when at leaſt we may have ſome flame;
" and when the man of our heart aſks
" our love, we muſt turn aſide, bluſh,
" bridle, look ſilly, and cry—no—;
" leſt by a too ready compliance we
" ſhould ſeem to break a ridiculous cuſ-
" tom, or ſpoil the ſpark's ſqueamiſh
" appetite. Is it not enough that we
" muſt ſtarve our paſſions, and loſe our
" youth and beauty; that we muſt live
" *hopeleſs*, and die *childleſs*, unleſs—you,
" good gentlemen, ſhould graciouſly
" condeſcend to *aſk* us to become *wives?*
" Is it not enough that we muſt bear the
" rivalſhip of ſteam in wine, and nau-
" ſeous tobacco, and ſee your ſex laviſh

" their

" their time, money, and health, in the
" purſuit of the proſtitute, ſcandal of our
" ſex? Are not theſe enough, but we
" muſt be expoſed to infamy, for being
" what your neglect alone has made us
" againſt our wills, againſt our conſci-
" ences too?——Oh! more than *Egyp-*
" *tian* taſk-maſters, either give us ma-
" terials to make our bricks, or puniſh
" us not for being idle.

" But though our ſex might former-
" ly have trembled to make oppoſition
" to your lordly wills, the preſent age
" is grown wiſer; and therefore I ſhall
" not value any reflections you make on
" my freedom of ſpeech, thinking my-
" ſelf no longer bound by ſilly cuſtoms
" impoſed by tyrants; but henceforth
" ſhall ſpeak as I think, according to real
" nature, truth, and reaſon; and not as
" you have been pleaſed to paint them.

" It is not myſelf alone that have
" thus determined; the inſults and ill
" uſage of your ſex, have, for ſome
" time, formed numerous parties of *old*
" *maids*, who, at firſt, only preſumed
" tenderly to complain of their hard-
" ſhips, and barely vindicate themſelves
" from your unjuſt cenſures; but as

" now

" now our numbers are increaſed, many
" parties which were uſed to meet in
" different aſſemblies, have now united
" themſelves in a regular manner, and
" are become a very formidable ſociety,
" under the title of *The Convocation of*
" *old maids.*

" Though after the manner of the
" *Clerical Parliament* we might have di-
" vided ourſelves into two houſes, yet
" we choſe to have one aſſembly on-
" ly, for fear of the diſtinction of being
" a member of the upper and the lower
" houſe, might create jealouſies and ani-
" moſities about precedency, and ren-
" der our whole political ſcheme abor-
" tive. Beſides, in reality, we are only
" the repreſentatives of the inferior order
" of old maids; for our preliminary ar-
" ticles were, that none could be admit-
" ted, as yet, whoſe fortunes exceeded
" 1000 l. down, all above that being
" moſt concerned in intereſt; that none
" under thirty-five be admitted to have
" a vote, nor under thirty to have
" any office or place within or without
" doors, as attendants on this honour-
" able houſe. Theſe preliminaries be-
" ing fixed by the commiſſionoreſſes ap-

" pointed,

" pointed, our general meeting was held,
" and what were our ſeveral proceedings
" and reſolutions is my duty to tranſmit
" to you; and your duty, by the nature
" of your office, to publiſh to the
" world.

" Our firſt meeting, you may ima-
" gine, was much confuſed, as there
" were no antient ſtanding orders to
" regulate ourſelves by; all were full of
" complaints, ſome were merry, ſome
" ſad, ſome rallied, ſome bewailed, more
" inveighed againſt the preſent ſtate of
" affairs; but all, *nem. con.* concluded
" it high time to put an end to our miſ-
" fortunes; many pretty ſpeeches were
" loſt for want of being heard; many
" pretty faces disfigured for want of
" temper. I know not what would
" have been the conſequence, had not I
" exerted the whole ſtrength of my
" lungs, and, by the dint of vocifera-
" tion, been heard above them all.
" Though I was heard, yet, for ſome
" time, it was but indiſtinctly, till a
" good lady ſeconded me with *hear her*,
" *hear her*.——Hear her, hear her,
" was the unanimous voice of the whole
" aſſembly; then, after a little pauſe of
" ſilence,

" ſilence, I moved that every one might
" take her ſeat; but this motion had not
" its deſired effect; a *precedence* for
" *places*; and a ſeat at the upper end of
" the room ſeemed to be univerſally aim-
" ed at. To prevent this inconvenience,
" a ſage lady obſerved to them, that in
" this aſſembly reſpect and precedency
" were only due to ſeniority. This ſpeech
" occaſioned quite an oppoſite difficul-
" ty; for now the whole ſtream of the
" crowd run to the lower end of the
" room to be thought youngeſt; nay,
" a deſire of youth ſeemed by far a
" ſtronger paſſion than that of honour;
" and we were reduced to a ſad dilem-
" ma. But, with a happy preſence of
" mind, and a patriot ambition, I my-
" ſelf, though but in my ſeventy-third
" year, walked up to the deſerted place,
" and there, in a pathetic ſpeech, ſet
" forth the miſery of private views
" when the public good was in queſtion;
" and deſired they would all concur in
" a vote, that there ſhould be no diſ-
" tinction, but all ſit at a round table.
" If they might hereafter think proper
" for precedence to be inſiſted on, that
" the ſeveral regiſters might be ſearch-
" ed,

" ed, the *true ages* known, and the de-
" grees accordingly adjuſted.

" Whether the fear of having their
" ages divulged, or (what I rather hope)
" a public ſpirit for the public good,
" affected them, I cannot ſay; but they
" all immediately, without diſtinction,
" ſeated themſelves; and, on the motion
" of the lady who before ſeconded me,
" they voted, *nem. con.* that Miſs *Patty*
" *Pos* ſhould take the chair in the place
" where ſhe now ſtands, and be the pro-
" locutreſs of this houſe. The chair
" was carried; and I took my place ac-
" cordingly."

*Ordered*, That this honourable houſe, being fatigued with debates, and adjuſting its rules, ſhall adjourn themſelves till to-morrow evening ſix o'clock.

Adjourned accordingly; and being met at the time,

*Reſolved*, That chaſtity is a virtue; virginity no diſgrace to a woman of any age, unleſs it can be proved ſhe has refuſed an agreeable and ſuitable match, ſince her age of diſcretion, and capacity of judging for herſelf.

*Reſolved*,

*Reſolved*, That all uſages and cuſtoms, contradictory to the prior reſolution, are immoral and ridiculous.

*Reſolved*, That too great a number of unmarried women has ever been judged ill policy, and is contradictory to the natural ends of ſociety; whereas marriage has ever been encouraged by all wiſe nations.

*Reſolved*, A petition from ſeveral diſtreſſed maidens, who, in every county of the three kingdoms, labour under great calamities, ſetting forth, that the petitioners are now of the age of twenty-five, and ſo on to twenty nine incluſive; that they have never in their lives been aſked the queſtion, and are now in terrible apprehenſions that they will come under the denomination of *old maids*, and die without huſbands, which they own is againſt their conſciences; therefore they humbly pray the aſſiſtance of this honourable and reverend houſe to take their caſe under conſideration, and to find out ſuch remedies as they in their great judgment ſhall think fit.

*Ordered*, That a committee be appointed to conſider the merits of the above petition; and have a liberty to ſend for

for papers, letters, perſons, records, and pariſh regiſters.

*Ordered*, That Mrs. *Deborah Single*, Dame *Mary Longfort*, Dame *Suſanna Marrywood*, Lady *Betty Youthlove*, and Miſs *Urſula Feeble*, be of the ſaid committee.

*Reſolved*, That the preſent number of maids in *Great Britain* is a national grievance; and that it will be the utter ruin and depopulation of theſe kingdoms.

*Reſolved*, That a day be appointed to enquire into the grounds and reaſons of the prodigious number of old maids in this iſland.

*Reſolved*, That in a committee of the whole houſe, the ſaid enquiry be made on *Tueſday* next, and that till then the convocation ſhall ſtand adjourned.

*By virtue of an order of the convocation of old maids, I do appoint* Henry Stonecaſtle, *Eſq*; *to print theſe votes, and any one elſe whatever, who may think it worth his while to tranſcribe them.*

PATTY POS, Prolocutreſs.

## *The* FEMALE WRANGLER.

ONE of the contradicting ſex,
Practis'd in every art to vex,
Brimful of ſpirit and debate,
The conſtant breather of her mate,
Eager with words to take the field,
Firſt to attack, and laſt to yield;
Or wrong or right, with friends or foes,
(For the delight was to oppoſe)
Diſputing near a river ſide,
Fell in and ſtruggled, ſquall'd, and dy'd.
The huſband, bending o'er the brink,
With great compoſure ſaw her ſink;
He flung his arms acroſs his breaſt,
Till he was ſure ſhe was at reſt;
Then begg'd his neighbours ſkill and pains,
With hooks, to ſearch her dear remains.
The youngeſt of them ſtript, and down
The current pok'd, to catch her gown,
Suppoſing that way ſhe was carry'd;
But they, alas! had ne'er been marry'd.
Her wiſer ſpouſe, who penſive ſtood,
And ſaw their labours in the flood,
Give o'er purſuing that way, cry'd,
You'll never find her with the tide;

For if you ſhou'd, my friends, the water,
I'm ſure, muſt ſtrangely change her nature.
Try upwards, if I right have gueſs'd,
Allow, I know the woman beſt,
She never yielded, while alive,
And to the laſt, I think, wou'd ſtrive.
But why of us theſe ſtories, pray?
I hear an angry female ſay;
Would not theſe fancy-making tales
Fit wrangling, diſputatious males?
The lion thus began to vent his
Juſt rage at ſign of *London 'Prentice*,
What ſhame it is, falſe men are painters,
Who thus daub things at all adventures?
Behold my teeth and paws, and judge,
Whether 'tis vanity or grudge.
But ſilence—let them draw theſe cheats;
Man only paints, the lion eats.
Well—pleaſe the fair, reform the plan,
Inſtead of woman, put in man:
The fable will go on to ſing,
The perſon's alter'd, not the thing;
Such change no way affects our ſtory,
The moral ſtill returns before ye;
*Whoe'er's to contradiction bred,*
*Will contradict, at leaſt, till dead.*

# POETRY *in a lady no recommendation to a huſband; as experienced by one who wrote the following letter to her female friend.*

*My Dear,*

YOU know I am a milliner, and, as the world ſays, tolerably handſome, and therefore you need not doubt me, when I aſſure you I have had a great number of admirers; but, to my great misfortune, I am ſtill a virgin. You muſt know then, that I am a moſt extravagant lover of poetry, and cannot bear to hear any one who has a talent that way, ſpoke of with diſreſpect. It is now five years ago ſince I diſcharged Mr. *Shapely*, a young ſtudent of the *Temple*, who, valuing himſelf mightily on his own beauty, had the inſolence to ſpeak contemptibly of Mr. *Pope*'s perſon. To him ſucceeded a rich *grocer* in the *Strand*, an honeſt well-meaning man, and exceedingly well ſkilled in arithmetic; but happened to be once miſtaken,

as to the number of the muſes; which was ſuch a piece of ignorance as you may imagine a perſon of my taſte could not eaſily forgive. The next was a *leather-ſeller*, a downright blunt man, who, on ſeeing ſome verſes of my own compoſing, "Umph! ſays he, you make "verſes well enough; but pray, ma- "dam, can you make a pudding?" — This I took as a great affront, and accordingly ordered him never to ſpeak to me any more. My next admirer was a grave humdrum country clergyman, who fell in love with me as I was ſelling him ſome bands. He was vehement in his ſuit; and, as he had a very good living, I gave my conſent; and every thing was ſettled for the match, when one afternoon he unfortunately found me reading *Swift*'s miſcellanies. I immediately, in the joy of my heart, cried out, "What an excellent author is the "Dean of *St. Patrick!* What an inex- "hauſtible fund of humour runs thro' all "his writings, with all the politeneſs and "vivacity of wit!"—My ſpark ſhook his head with a great deal of gravity, and replied, "Wit! humour! ah! madam, I wiſh

"he

" he had common ſenſe; 'twould be a " much ſtronger proof of his parts to " publiſh ſermons inſtead of thoſe ludi- " crous performances you call wit."— I was affronted to the higheſt degree with this ſpeech; and my behaviour after it obliged him, in a ſhort time, to diſcontinue his viſits. My laſt admirer was a merchant in the city, who had gained my heart, and to whom I ſhould certainly have been married, had I not unfortunately loſt his, by fooliſhly declaring in his company, that a certain poet had ſo raviſhed my affection, that if I was miſtreſs of the univerſe, I ſhould give it him all.—" This, I own, was a " little too extravagant an expreſſion; " but I only meant poetically, which the " learned call an hyperbole. However, " my ſpark did not underſtand this " figurative way of ſpeech, and imme- " diately withdrew his addreſſes.

" I am now quite deſtitute of lovers, " and under moſt terrible apprehenſions " of leading apes in that place allotted " for old maids; therefore, dear ma- " dam, ſpeedily adviſe me what to do, " or what you would do, ſuppoſing

" yourſelf in my caſe, and you will infi-
" nitely oblige

*Your's,*

BRUSELLA SCANWELL.

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## *A* DRUNKEN FROLICK.

LET us now take a trip to *France*, and ſee what kind of diverſion that active volatile nation affords us; and, if we believe Mr. *Gay*'s deſcription of the humours of that people, we ſhall find matter enough both for amuſement and ridicule. He ſays,

In *Paris* there's a race of animals,
(I've ſeen 'em at their operas and balls)
They ſtand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, paraquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers like the cockatoo,
And like camelions, daily change their hue;

From

From patches, juſtly plac'd, they borrow graces,
And with vermillion lacquer o'er their faces;
This cuſtom, as we viſibly diſcern,
They by frequenting ladies toilets learn.

However, we ſhall not enter upon a minute detail of the ridiculous whimſies, faſhions, and modes, of that fantaſtic people; but ſhall confine ourſelves to the extravagant humours, flights, and vagaries of their moſt celebrated wits and connoiſſieurs. *Moliere* was a famous comedian, and eſteemed the brighteſt genius of the age in which he lived; and therefore, we may be ſure, he had all the choice ſpirits in his retinue. In his latter days, *Moliere* was confined to a milk diet; but when he was at his country-houſe near *Paris*, his friend *Chapelle* uſed to invite the gueſts, and be maſter of the ceremonies. *Moliere* withdrew one evening, leaving his friends at their bottle. About three in the morning, the talk happened to fall on morality: "What an inſignificant thing is this life "of ours, cried *Chapelle*, the gall infi- "nitely outweighs the honey; thirty or

" forty years are often thrown away in
" the purſuit of a pleaſure, which at laſt
" does not fall to our ſhare, or deceives
" our expectation; our poor childhood
" is perpetually plagued by our parents,
" in ſtuffing our heads with a pack of
" nonſenſe; what a plague is it to me,
" whether the ſun or the earth circulates,
" or whether that crazy fellow *Deſcartes*,
" or that viſionary *Ariſtotle*, be in the
" right? Yet my blockhead of a tutor
" was continually thrumming ſuch ſtuff
" into me, and teazing me with his *Epi-*
" *curus*; though, indeed, him I liked
" well enough. Well, we were no
" ſooner out of the clutches of theſe
" pedants, but a ſettlement is brought
" upon the carpet; by *Jupiter*, women
" are ſworn enemies to man's quiet;
" look round on every ſide of this fine
" life, there's nothing but care, vexa-
" tion, misfortune, and confuſion."
*Jourdain* roſe and embraced him,
" Spoke like thyſelf, my dear friend;
" life is a ſcurvy buſineſs indeed; let's
" leave it to grovelling fools; and leſt
" ſuch good friends ſhould be ſeparated,
" let's e'en go and drown ourſelves to-
" gether; we have but a ſtep to the ri-
" ver."

" ver." " That's my hero, ſaid *Nu-*
" *gent*, this is the very nick of time to
" die good friends, and in high ſpirits;
" beſides, the whole nation will ring
" with this exploit." This friendly motion being unanimouſly applauded, up ſtart theſe inebriated gentlemen, and ſtaggered away for the river. *Baron* (*Moliere*'s lad) run out for help, and called up *Moliere*, who was the more terrified at this project, as he knew them to be ſo far in liquor. Theſe frantics had already reached the river, and were putting off a boat, in order to drown themſelves in the deepeſt water; but luckily ſome of the ſervants and villagers being at their heels, drew them aſhore. Enraged at being prevented in deſtroying themſelves, they drew their ſwords upon their helpers, and theſe took to their heels towards *Moliere*'s houſe, who meeting his furious friends, ſaid to them, " What's the matter, gen-
" tlemen? What have theſe raſcals done
" to you?" Done, replied *Jourdain*,
" who was the moſt forward to be gone,
" theſe ſcoundrels have interrupted our
" drowning ourſelves; now, dear *Mo-*
" *liere*, you are a man of wit, and ſo

" may judge whether we are not great-
" ly in the right; wearied out with this
" paltry world, we were upon mending
" our condition in the other; to which
" the river ſeemed the ſhorteſt cut; and
" theſe dogs of ruſtics have fruſtrated
" our expedition; don't they deſerve
" our ſwords in their guts?" " Is it
" ſo? replied *Moliere*; that's too good
" for them; be gone, ye ſcum of the
" earth, ſaid he, in a ſeeming anger to
" the poor men, or I'll break every
" bone in your bodies; ſuch fellows as
" you preſume to thwart gentlemen in
" their noble deſign! Now, gentlemen,
" continued *Moliere*, in what have I
" deſerved, that you ſhould not have
" acquainted me with ſuch an exalted
" purpoſe? What! to drown your-
" ſelves, and leave me in this ſneaking,
" fickle, miſerable world; I thought
" you had loved me better." " He
" is indeed in the right, ſaid *Chapelle*;
" 'twas not friendly in us; well, come
" along, the more the merrier." " Fair
" and ſoftly, replied *Moliere*, this re-
" quires ſome deliberation; 'tis the laſt
" act of life, and ſhould be attended
" with all its merit; were we to drown

" our-

" ourſelves now immediately, the ſpite-
" ful world would not fail to make it a
" handle, to ſay we did it in the night,
" like folks in deſpair, or in a mad fit
" of drunkenneſs. Let us take the ſea-
" ſon that will dignify the atchievement,
" and ſet it in its full luſtre; about
" eight or nine in the morning, freſh
" and faſting, we'll ſolemnly proceed
" hand in hand to the river, before a
" multitude of ſpectators, and then a
" good riddance of the world." " His
" reaſons are unanſwerable, ſaid *Nu-*
" *gent*, I like them well." " The de-
" vil's in it, continued *la Motte*, we are
" but mere idiots, in compariſon of this
" *Moliere*, ſo agreed, we'll put it off till
" to-morrow; and, in the mean time,
" let's to bed, for I can hardly keep my
" eyes open." Thus, without *Moliere*'s happy preſence of mind, there would have been a horrid complication of guilt and miſchief; for his friends were bent upon revenge; but a ſound ſleep reconciled them to the world; and they rewarded thoſe who had put a ſtop to their precipitate departure.

## *More of* Chapelle's *Whims.*

CHAPELLE, *Moliere*'s intimate, was one of the pleaſanteſt, but withal one of the moſt voluptuous men of the times. *Boileau* meeting him one day, told him, that his inordinate love of the bottle was of infinite prejudice to him; and this with ſuch a friendly air, that *Chapelle* ſeem'd ſeriouſly affected, and promiſed to lay his advice to heart; but unluckily they had met juſt by a tavern; "Come, "ſays *Chapelle*, ſtanding does not agree "with either of us, ſo let us go into this "tavern; there you may commodiouſly "go through with the point, and I will "be a very docile hearer." *Boileau*, eager to complete *Chapelle*'s converſion, leads the way; but the iſſue little correſponded with the deſign; for preacher and hearer fuddled themſelves ſo, that they were ſent home in ſeparate coaches.

*Chapelle* had taken a liking to Mademoiſelle *Chouars*, who, beſides her wit and learning, was never without excel-

lent

lent wine, which was a powerful attractive for him; and he uſed frequently to ſup with her. Her chamber-maid once coming in to take away, found her miſtreſs all in tears, and *Chapelle* in a deep melancholy; ſhe ſeeming amazed, *Chapelle* told her they were lamenting the death of *Pindar*, the ſublime poet, whom the blundering phyſicians had killed by improper medicaments. I'll recite you ſome of his verſes.

*Hear, O ye graces, and regard my pray'r,*
*All that's ſweet and pleaſing here,*
*Mortals from your hands receive:*
*Splendor ye, and fame confer,*
*Genius, wit, and beauty give.*
*Nor without your ſhining train,*
*Ever on the ethereal plain,*
*In harmonious meaſures move*
*The celeſtial choirs above,*
*When the figur'd dance they lead,*
*Or the nectar'd banquet ſpread.*
*But with thrones immortal grac'd,*
*And by* Pythian Phœbus *plac'd,*
*Ord'ring thro' the bleſt abodes,*
*All the ſplendid works of Gods,*
*Set the ſiſters in a ring.*
*Round the golden-ſhafted King;*

*And*

*And with reverential love,*
*Worſhipping th'* Olympian *throne,*
*The majeſtic brow of* Jove,
*With unfading honours crown.*

" Who muſt not grieve, added *Cha-*
" *pelle*, that this melodious poet ſhould
" fall a victim to ignorance!" Theſe verſes drew a freſh flood of tears from the lady; and ſympathiſing *Abigail* fell a crying alſo, at what ſhe did not underſtand.

The duke *de Briſſac* going to ſpend ſome time at his ſeat, prevailed upon *Chapelle* to give him his company. On the fourth day, about noon, reaching *Angiers*, where they were to reſt that day, *Chapelle* went and paid a viſit to an epicurean prebendary. The next day, when the coach was ready, *Chapelle* told the duke, that he could not attend him, for that opening an old *Plutarch* that lay upon his friend's table, the paſſage his eye fell upon was, *Whoever attends the great, forfeits his freedom*; and though the duke condeſcendingly told him, that he conſidered him only as his friend, and that he ſhould have the ruling of every thing

thing at his houſe; all he could get from him was, that *Plutarch* had ſaid ſo, and that it was not his fault, but back to *Paris* he would go; upon which, at parting, the duke ſaid, *You wits either abound in pride, or want common ſenſe.*

*Chapelle* returning from a viſit to *Moliere*, with whom, according to cuſtom, he had indulg'd his genius, had a ſquabble with his man *Godemer*, who had lived with him above thirty years, and whom he had always allowed to ſit in the foreſeat of his coach; but a whim took *Chapelle* to degrade him, and make him get up behind. *Godemer* having had a long experience of his maſter's drunken freaks, did not make any motion to obey this diſgraceful order; *Chapelle* flies in a paſſion, *Godemer* laughs at him; upon which a ſcuffle enſues in the coach, and down jumps the coachman to part them. *Moliere*, who ſaw the whole affair from his window, imagining *Chapelle*'s ſervants had ſome ill deſign againſt him, haſtens to the coach, "O! are you there, *Mo-*
"*liere?* cries *Chapelle*; be judge now
"if I am in the wrong; this ſcoundrel
"*Godemer* has forced himſelf into my
"coach,

" coach, as if a ſkipkennel was to rank
" with me." " Your brains are gone
" a wool-gathering, anſwered *Godemer*;
" the gentleman knows the fore-ſeat of
" your coach has belonged to me above
" theſe thirty years, and why muſt I
" now be outed undeſervedly?" " You
" are an impertinent fellow; hold your
" ſaucy tongue, replied *Chapelle*; if I
" was pleaſed to allow you part of my
" coach, it ſhall be no more ſo; I am
" maſter, and you ſhall either mount
" behind, or trudge it." " Where's
" the fair dealing of that, interrupted
" *Godemer*, to make me foot it in my
" old age, after all my long and faith-
" ful ſervices? My youth could have
" borne with it, but now my legs fail
" me; in one word as well as a thou-
" ſand, you have uſed me to the coach,
" and I cannot do without it; the very
" ſhame of being behind would be a
" death ſtroke to me." " Come, *Mo-*
" *liere*, ſaid *Chapelle*, we'll both abide
" by your deciſion." " Well, ſaid *Mo-*
" *liere*, ſince I am to be judge, I'll en-
" deavour to ſet matters right between
" two ſuch well-meaning litigants.—
" You, *Godemer*, are in the wrong to

" forget

" forget the reſpect due to your maſter,
" who may order you to go as he
" pleaſes; and you are not to build
" upon his good nature; therefore I
" ſentence you to ride behind the coach
" to the end of this field, and there you
" ſhall ſubmiſſively aſk him to reſtore
" you to your former honour, which
" I'll engage he will not refuſe." " By
" the maſs, cried *Chapelle*, that decree
" will gain you more honour than all
" your plays. Well, in regard to your
" admirable expedient, I entirely for-
" give the raſcal. I am really obliged
" to you, *Moliere*, for this expedient; I
" was at a quandary; for 'twas a knotty
" buſineſs. Adieu; of all the judges
" in *France*, *Moliere* for my money."

*Chapelle* and the marſhal *de* —— once ſupping together, amidſt the glaſſes, began to reflect on the calamities of this life, and the uncertainty whether there might not be one hereafter. This led them to agree, that nothing could be more tremendous than to live without religion; but at the ſame time it ſeem'd to them impoſſible to hold on in a chriſtian courſe for a long ſucceſſion of years; and

and they thought that the martyrs had the beſt on't, whom in a few momentary ſufferings, were tranſlated to an eternal felicity. "In order to the ſame expediti-
" ous way, we cannot, ſays *Chapelle*, do
" better than to go as chriſtian miſ-
" ſionaries into *Turkey*; we ſhall be
" ſeized, ſays he, and carried before
" ſome infidel *Pocha*; I'll give him a
" *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and you, mar-
" ſhal, muſt be ſure not to flinch. I ſhall
" be impaled for my reſoluteneſs; next
" you'll be impaled, and ſo we get to
" heaven in a trice." The marſhal, piqued that *Chapelle* thus aſſumed the precedence, took him up: "No, no,
" 'tis I who am a duke, a peer, and a
" marſhal of *France*, who muſt be
" ſpokeſman, and the leading martyr."
" A fig for your marſhal and duke," replied *Chapelle*. Upon which the marſhal let's fly his plate at *Chapelle*; *Chapelle* grapples with the marſhal; tables, ſtands, and chairs, are overſet in an inſtant. This hurly-burly drew the ſervants to part the fray; but the occaſion of it was not ſoon forgotten at court.

RABE-

## RABELAIS's *device to raiſe a ſupply on a journey.*

*RABELAIS* having accompanied the cardinal *de Belay* to *Rome*, deſcanted ſo licentiouſly on the œconomy of that court, that he was obliged to ſteal away; and by that time he reached *France*, was in a ſhatter'd condition. At *Lyons* he bethought himſelf of a device, which in thoſe critical times, when the dauphin had been recently poiſoned, might have proved dangerous to a man of leſs reputation. Going to one of the beſt inns of the place, he orders a dainty ſupper, and a bed in a handſome room; ſaying, that he did not affect to make any great appearance, but that he was not the pooreſt traveller. Afterwards, ſending for a little boy of the landlord's, he made him write ſeveral labels, to be put to ſome little bags, which *Rabelais* had filled with duſt; one was, poiſon for the king; a ſecond, poiſon for the queen; and others for ſeveral illuſtrious perſons; then giving the boy a penny, charged him not to ſay a word of it to his father and

and mother, if you do we ſhall both be hanged: the child, as *Rabelais* had imagined, ran and told his mother every thing he had done and ſeen; the mother fearful for her ſon, carries the tale to an intendant; he immediately ſecures *Rabelais*, who, in a great conſternation, pleaded, that he was only an underſtrapper, and could reveal many important ſecrets. Upon this, he was ſent with his little bags to *Paris*, which was the very thing he wiſhed for, with orders that he ſhould want for nothing, upon the road, nor ever be left alone. The council of ſtate were ſurpriſed to ſee the ludicrous *Rabelais* brought before them as a plotter, but upon hearing his narrative of the whole affair, it ended in a laugh, the intendant, however, was commended for his vigilance.

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## *An* ODD ADVENTURE.

M. *de Thou* the preſident being at *Saumur* in 1598, at a time when there was in that city, a young woman diſordered

dered in her ſenſes, of whom he had never heard the leaſt account. This mad creature being harmleſs, was under no confinement, but ſauntered up and down, and ſerved for ſport to the truly vulgar. Being once in queſt of a ſhelter during the night, where ſhould ſhe take up her quarters, but in the preſident's chamber, who was faſt aſleep, and had neither locked nor bolted the door, and his ſervants lay in rooms contiguous to his. The wench began to undreſs herſelf near the fire, and afterwards hung her rags upon chairs round the chimney to dry them; water having been thrown upon her, her ſhift being ſomething dried, ſhe put it on, and laid herſelf down at the foot of the bed, which was very narrow, and ſoon began to ſleep ſoundly. *De Thou* happening to turn in his bed, found a troubleſome weight upon his feet, and gave a jerk in order to ſhove it off; the mad girl rolled off upon the floor, and the fall awaked *De Thou*, who, in his firſt heavineſs, did not diſtinguiſh whether he was not dreaming; afterward, hearing a treading in the room, he drew back the curtains, when the ſhutters being open,

open, the moon-light ſhewed him a tall white figure ſtalking in his bed-chamber, and at the ſame time perceiving the tattered cloaths near the chimney, he apprehended that ſome beggars had got into the houſe to rifle it; the girl coming near the bedſide, *De Thou* aſked her who ſhe was? to which ſhe anſwering, *I am the queen of Heaven*, he knew the voice to be a woman's; ſo getting up, and calling his ſervants, he ordered them to turn her imaginary majeſty into the ſtreet, and then went to ſleep again, as if nothing had happened. In the morning he related this apparition to *Schomberg*, who, though as brave as any reaſonable man would wiſh to be, frankly owned, that in ſuch a caſe he ſhould have ſweated for fear, and when *Schomberg* told king *Henry* IV of it, he laughed very heartily; but, though of great perſonal courage, anſwered, faith, *Schomberg*, I do not know whether I ſhould not have done worſe; however, this proved a continual diſturbance to the king's devotion at maſs, for when the *Regina Cæli* began, *De Thou*'s mad girl recurred to him, and ſet him a ſmiling.

MALHERBE's

# MALHERBE's *Bon Mots.*

*MALHERBE* lived in the beginning of laſt century, and is ſaid to have carried the *French* poetry to an inimitable height, and would have been the favourite of court and country, with leſs roughneſs in his converſation; he was no talker, but every word carried a ſting with it.

A gentleman of the law, and of ſome diſtinction, brought him one day ſome very indifferent commendatory verſes on a lady, telling him, that ſome very particular conſiderations had induced him to compoſe them. *Malherbe* having looked over them with a ſupercilious air, aſked the gentleman, *whether he was ſentenced to make thoſe damnable verſes, or to be hanged.*

Another time, a country rhimer deſired him to correct an ode inſcribed to the king, and left it with him for that purpoſe. When he called again *Malherbe* told him, that there wanted only four words. Mr. *Stanza* overjoyed at this, begged he would do his poem the

honou

honour to write them down himſelf. Willingly, replied *Malherbe*, and writ under it; *Ode to the king to wipe his A—*; then folding up the paper, delivered it to the author, who gave him a thouſand thanks, and went away tranſported.

*Malherbe* had a comical way of puniſhing his ſervant; beſides twenty crowns a year, he allowed him ten ſhillings a day board wages, which in thoſe times was very conſiderable, yet the fellow would now and then be grumbling; at which *Malherbe* would very gravely ſay to him, "Child, an "offence againſt your maſter, is an "offence againſt God, which muſt "be expiated by faſting, prayer, "and alms; wherefore I ſhall retrench "five ſhillings out of your allowance, "and give them to the poor on your "account."

Never was a freer ſpeaker than *Malherbe*; the archbiſhop of *Rouen* having deſired of him, as a great favour, that he would be at a ſermon which he was to preach; and for that purpoſe had invited him to dinner; when the cloth was taken away, *Malherbe* fell faſt

faſt aſleep; and the biſhop waking him to carry him to the ſermon, he deſired to be excuſed, *for that he found he ſhould have a comfortable nap without it.*

There was a ſort of whimſicalneſs in all *Malherbe*'s behaviour, which was borne with for the ſake of his poetical merit. His apartment was but badly furniſhed with ſeven or eight ſtraw chairs; and as men of polite literature frequently reſorted to him, when the chairs were full he uſed to lock the door; and when any one knocked, his anſwer was, *all the chairs are full, you muſt wait for a vacancy.*

It is ſaid, that about an hour before his death, after having lain in an agony for above two hours, he ſuddenly recovered himſelf, and reproved his landlady for a word that was not good *French*; and when his confeſſor began to admoniſh him againſt ſuch niceties, he interrupted him with ſaying, that he would defend the purity of the *French* tongue to the laſt gaſp. It is alſo added, that his confeſſor having diſcourſed of the future felicity in very mean and incorrect terms; and aſking him, if he did not long for the enjoyment of that

happy ſtate he anſwered. *No more of it, your balderiſh ſtile turns my ſtomach.*

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## *A* BACCHANALIAN DOCTOR *defeated at his own weapon.*

*PEIRESC*, dining at *London* with ſeveral perſons of literature, could not be exempted from drinking a health, (propoſed by Dr. *Thorias*, a *German*) in a glaſs of a frightful capaciouſneſs. *Peireſc* alledged freedom, civility, decency, and a thouſand other reaſons, but to no purpoſe; the glaſs muſt be drank off to that health; but, before he conſented to it, he required a promiſe, that this bacchanal doctor ſhould alſo drink his toaſt; then, having with much ado finiſhed ſo copious a draught, he propoſed a health in the ſame glaſs filled with water. *Thorias* appeared quite thunder-ſtruck, and after many a heavy ſigh, put the glaſs to his mouth, but quickly drew it back; and though he fortified himſelf with all the *Greek* and *Latin*

*Latin* apothegms, on thwarting the ſenſes, he was an hour before he emptied his glaſs, to the great diverſion of the company, and his own advantage; for he never afterwards broke in upon any one's temperance.

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## PHILOSOPHICAL PLEASANTRIES.

A Country curate had brought up four dogs, one he called *Ariſtotle*, another *Deſcartes*, giving to each of them a diſciple, and had found means to keep up the ſharpeſt animoſity between the two parties. *Ariſtotle*, at the very ſight of *Deſcartes*, was ready to fly at him, and tear him to pieces; and *Deſcartes*, by his ſnarling, ſhewed, that he alſo longed to have a bruſh with him. The curate frequently diverted his company with the following ſcene. He called *Ariſtotle* and *Deſcartes*, who immediately took their proper places, *Ariſtotle* on the right, and *Deſcartes* on the left, and each of the diſciples cloſe

by his maſter, then the curate would ſpeak to *Ariſtotle*, perſuading him to come to an agreement with *Deſcartes*, but *Ariſtotle*'s repeated latrations, and fiery eyes, beſpoke his implacability; then he turned towards *Deſcartes*, who manifeſted the like averſion to the curate's overtures. Well, ſays he, then let us try what a conference will do; then ordering them to come near and face each other; at firſt they only muttered and growled, as it were alternately, and ſeemed to anſwer each other, but by degrees, their vociferations increaſed, and terminated in a violent fray, two againſt two, and would have deſtroyed one another, if the curate, by the authority which he had been careful to maintain, had not interpoſed. This, with the curate, was a natural image of ſcholaſtic contentions.

A *Carteſian* and *Newtonian*, diſputing in a coffee houſe at *Paris*, fell to fighting; after they were parted, the *Newtonian* made a heavy complaint of the blows which he had received. A merry fellow, who had ſeen the affair, ſaid to him, you muſt however forgive your adverſary, he was determined by a ſuperior

perior force; attraction acted upon both; and the repercuſſive force unhappily failing, he was carried towards you in a direct line, with ſuch an impetus, as occaſioned a colliſion.

*Deſcartes*, had made an *Automaton* of ſurpriſing art, to prove, by demonſtration, that beaſts have no ſouls, and are no more than machines, which move by the force of other bodies, communicating to them a part of their motion. The philoſopher having put it on board of a ſhip, to ſend it to ſome foreign virtuoſo, the captain had the curioſity to open the caſe, and being aſtoniſhed at the figure and movements which made the machine appear ſomething animated, he haſtily flung it into the ſea, thinking it muſt be a kin to the devil, if not his very ſelf.

Sir *Kenelm Digby*, a famous *Engliſh* philoſopher, upon reading *Deſcartes*'s works, reſolved to go and pay him a viſit in *Holland*. After ſome diſcourſe, without making himſelf known, *Deſcartes*, who was well acquainted with his works, ſaid, "that he could be no other "than the celebrated *Digby*; and if you, "anſwered *Digby*, was not the much

" more celebrated *Deſcartes*, I ſhould " hardly have croſſed the ſea to pay " you a viſit; and let me adviſe you, " rather to turn your thoughts to the " methods for prolonging life, than waſte " them in ſuch ſpeculations." *Deſcartes* aſſured him, that it was the very thing he was upon; and though as to immortality he could not promiſe ſo far, yet he was ſure of rendering man's life equal to that of the patriarchs. It was well know in *Holland*, that *Deſcartes* boaſted of ſuch a ſecret, and by ſome it was believed; among others, *Abbe Picot* would not for a long time credit the report of his death: but when there could be no further doubt of it, he cried out, it is over; nature is at its laſt gaſp.

A nobleman who was very ignorant, being at the ſame table with *Deſcartes*, and ſeeing him eat of two or three nice diſhes with pleaſure; how! ſaid he to him, do philoſophers meddle with dainties? Why not, anſwered *Deſcartes*; is it to be imagined that the wiſe God created good things only for dunces?

SCARRON'S

# SCARRON'S *Conceits.*

*SCARRON* was called the buffoon of the *French* court, had a good deal of facetious wit, and on that account had a penſion from the crown. In the dedication of a piece of his, *Scarron* ſpeaks in this manner to the king. "I ſhall "endeavour to convince your majeſty, "that to do me a little good, would be "doing yourſelf no great hurt; if you "did me a little good, I ſhould be more "chearful than I am; if I was more "chearful than I am, my comedies "would be merrier; if my comedies "were merrier, your majeſty would be "the more diverted; if you was more "diverted, your money could not be "ſaid to be thrown away. All theſe "concluſions hang together ſo natural-"ly, that methinks I could not hold "out againſt them, were I a great mo-"narch, inſtead of being a miſerable in-"digent creature."

*Scarron* was every where full of his jeſts, but could never take one, and

never forgave the following trick. An acquaintance, knowing how readily *Scarron* ſnapped at any amorous bait, writ to him under a female name, pretending his wit had the ſame effect on her, as a comely perſon has on the generality of the ſex; that though ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to come to his houſe, ſhe longed for nothing more than a meeting with him; and accordingly made an appointment, but a tedious way from *Scarron*'s houſe. *Scarron* went thither full of expectations, but nobody was near the ſpot; at his return he found a note, which had been brought juſt as he went out, to put off the interview till next day, when he met with the like diſappointment, which was followed by another excuſe, and that by a third diſappointment, when the impoſition came to light; and *Scarron* never mentioned the author without an imprecation.

*Scarron* was ſeized with ſuch a violent hiccup, that all who were preſent began to fear for his life; however, when it abated, ſays he, with a ſerious air, if ever I recover, I'll laſh the hiccup in a very fine ſatire: his friends expected another

nother kind of reſolution; but the public was deprived of this votive ſatire, the diſtemper in which he then lay carrying him off. Within a few minutes of his death, when his acquaintance were about him, all in tears, ſo far from being moved by ſuch an affecting ſight, he told them very unconcernedly, you'll never cry for me ſo much as I have made you laugh.

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## BOIS ROBERT; *or, the facetious companion.*

*BOIS Robert* was the beſt companion of his time, his admirable invention of agreeable ſtories, with his inimitable manner of telling them, had made him a kind of favourite of cardinal *Richlieu*. Upon any indiſpoſition of this miniſter, his phyſician would ſay to him, my lord, no endeavours, you may be ſure, will be wanting in us for your recovery; but all wont do without ſome *Bois Robert*. *Bois Robert* having more wit then diſcretion, threw himſelf out

of the cardinal's favour. The royal academy of ſciences, who were indebted to *Bois Robert* for the cardinal's patronage, propoſed to intercede for him; but the cardinal being informed of it, intimated, that their application would be to no purpoſe; upon which they conſulted with the cardinal's phyſician, and he, at the firſt preſcription for his eminence, who frequently ſtood in need of ſkill, wrote *Recipe Bois Robert*; which ſucceeded.

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## *A merry* ADVENTURE *of* BAUTRU.

IT is ſaid of *Bautru*, that he was a man who made it a part of his philoſophy to admire but very few things, that he was for fifty years, the delight of all the miniſters and favourites, and generally of all the nobility of the kingdom, yet not the leaſt adulation is chargeable upon him.

A preſident of parliament, but a moſt tireſome creature, calling one day upon *Bautru*;

*Bautru*; and the ſervant having told him that his maſter was at home, ran to acquaint him of the honourable preſident's being below; "Why thou blunder-"head, ſaid his maſter, haſt thou told "that intolerable fellow that I am "within? fly, and tell him that I am "extremely ill." Away runs the man to retrieve his miſtake. Truly, ſaid the preſident, "I am heartily ſorry, but I'll "e'en go up and feel his pulſe, then I "can give a ſhrewd gueſs at the force "of your maſter's diſtemper; for I'd "have you know, friend, that my "grand-father was firſt phyſician to the "king." The footman haſtens to his "maſter, Bleſs me, Sir, the preſident is "coming up to feel your pulſe." "Well, "and do you tell him that I am juſt "expired." The ſervant counterfeiting a mixture of grief and amazement, runs to the preſident. "Alas, my "dear maſter's pulſe is paſt feeling, he "is dead, he is juſt expired." "Then "ſaid the preſident, I'll go and pay my "friend the laſt duty, and ſprinkle him "with holy water." *Bautru* had juſt time to leap into bed, and wrap a ſheet about him, where he perſonated the

corpſe ſo naturally, that the preſident not aware of the artifice, after many lugubrious exclamations, kneeled down at the foot of the bed, and fell to praying for a full hour, when ſpying a capacious utenſil by the bed-ſide, he poured it out to the laſt drop upon this mimic of death, then went away to retail *Bautru*'s death about town.

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## *A rare inſtance of* BENEVOLENCE.

IT is to *M. de Sallo*, that the literary world is obliged for the invention of journals, which at a ſmall expence give us ſpecimens of the labours of the ingenious, in all parts where letters are cultivated. In 1664, he began the *Journal des Sçavans*, which he continued with great reputation. As the following adventure will do him no leſs honour among thoſe, who raiſe virtue above all endowments, I ſhall relate it with all its circumſtances. In the year 1662, *Paris* was viſited with a long and ſevere famine,

famine, when *M. de Sallo* returning from a ſummer evenings walk, with only a little footboy, a man coming up to him, preſented his piſtol, and demanded his money, but in a manner far from the reſoluteneſs of an experienced robber; " you are come to the wrong man, an- " ſwered *de Sallo*, you'll have no great " booty from me; I have only three " piſtoles about me, which are not " worth a ſcuffle, ſo much good may " do you with them; but you are in " a bad way." The man took them, and moved off, without inſiſting upon any thing further. Upon this, *de Sallo* ſaid to his lacquey, " mind and dog " that man carefully, that he may not " be aware of you; but be you careful " to ſee him houſed, and bring me word " of every thing." Away goes the boy and follows him through ſeveral obſcure ſtreets, when he ſaw him go into a baker's ſhop, where he obſerved him to change one of the piſtoles, and buy a huge brown loaf; about ten houſes from thence he followed him into an alley, and found means to creep up to the fourth ſtory after him, where he ſaw him go into a room, which was without

any

any light, but that of the moon, and peeping through a creviſe, he perceived the man throwing the loaf on the floor, and then burſting into tears, ſaid, "There, eat your fill, that is the deareſt "loaf I ever bought; I have robbed a "gentleman of three piſtoles, ſo let us "huſband them well, and let me have "no more teazings; for ſoon or late "theſe doings muſt bring me to the "gallows, and all to ſatisfy your cla-"mours." His lamentations were anſwered by thoſe of his whole family; and the wife having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf and cut lunchions of it to four poor ſtarving children. This ſcene of miſery was reported in every particular, as well as his dexterity in following the robber; *de Sallo* gave orders to his boy to call him by five the next morning, when he ſhould ſhew him the way to the man's dwelling. He enquired in the neighbourhood what the man was, who lived in ſuch a chamber with a wife and four children. The anſwer was a ſhoemaker, and a very good ſort of a man, and very induſtrious, and a neat workman, but overburthened with a family,

family, and had a hard ſtruggle of it in thoſe hard times. Satisfied with this account, *de Sallo* aſcends to the ſhoemaker's lofty reſidence, and knocked at the door, which was opened by the poor creature himſelf, who at the firſt ſight knowing him to be the perſon he had robbed the evening before, threw himſelf at his feet, and began to plead the extreme diſtreſs of his family, and to beg he would forgive his firſt crime. "No noiſe, anſwered *de Sallo*, I have "not the leaſt intention to do you "any harm; you have a good cha-"racter among your neighbours; you "muſt quickly expect to be cut "ſhort in ſuch freedoms as you took "with me; here's thirty piſtoles for "you to buy leather; live cloſe, and "ſet your children a commendable pat-"tern; and to put you further out of "temptation to ſuch unbecoming do-"ings; as you are a neat workman, "and I am not particularly engaged, "take me and this boy meaſure for two "pair of ſhoes each, which he ſhall "call upon you for," and then *M. de Sallo* went away.

*The*

## *The Comical Miſtake.*

THE marquis *de Racan*, a famous *French* poet, happened to tell two of his acquaintance, that the celebrated Mademoiſelle *de Gournay* had ſent him an invitation; and that in the evening he deſigned to wait on her. This lady was of *Gaſcony*, conſequently mercurial and paſſionate, but a wit, and as ſuch, at her coming to *Paris*, had a mighty longing to exchange a few words with the marquis *de Racan*, who was in every body's mouth for an admirable genius. One of theſe gentlemen goes away to Madem. *Gournay*'s, and ſends in word under the name of the marquis *de Racan*. The lady received him with the utmoſt joy and reſpect; and he was very fluent on ſome pieces which ſhe had publiſhed; then, after an hour's converſation, he took his leave, and left Mademoiſelle extremely pleaſed that ſhe had ſeen the famous *Racan*. He was ſcarce gone out of the ſtreet, when the other acquaintance of the ſame waggiſh diſpoſition, thinking to put the ſame trick upon *Racan*, came

came thither to perſonate him; Madem. *de Gournay* received him with the ſame reſpect, but being not a little perplexed, could not forbear aſking him ſeveral times, whether he was really the great *Racan?* At which he expreſſing ſome ſurprize, ſhe related to him the particulars of the laſt viſit. The ſham *Racan* ſeemed all in a flame at the affront, and vowed revenge againſt the impoſtor; however, he pleaſed her better than the former, having been more profuſe of his complements, and on her perſon no leſs than her works; ſo that ſhe deſired the honour of his frequent viſits. Soon after him comes the original and real *Racan*, and ſends in his name; this put her out of all patience.—"What! more *Ra-*
"*cans?* however, ſhew him in." She immediately rattled him as a coxcomb, a cheat, and an intruder. *Racan*, who expected another kind of reception, and at beſt was but meally-mouth'd, was ſo ſtunned with ſuch a peal, that he could only ſtammer a confuſed reply. This confirming Mademoiſelle's charge,——
"What! ſays ſhe, with all the effervef-
"cence of her natural impetuoſity, do
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"you then pitch upon me for your
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" make-game?" and pulling off her ſlipper, charged him ſo vigorouſly with it, that he betook himſelf to a precipitate flight.

The whole artifice ſoon after came to light, and *Racan* was reconciled to the lady. She was one day ſhewing him a parcel of epigrams, as of her own compoſing; " Really, Madam, ſaid he, I " muſt tell you they are very inſipid." " No wonder, replied ſhe, they are no " more than tranſlations from the *Greek*." Within a few days, dining together at a friend's, ſhe took the liberty to ſay the ſoop was taſteleſs; and he replied, " Ma- " dam, it is ſoop after the *Greek* fa- " ſhion."

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## *The noble Behaviour of an* ENGLISH EMBASSADOR *at the* French *Court.*

M. *de Luines* was prime miniſter, and abſolute favourite to *Lewis* XIII. An embaſſador from *England*, (Sir *Edward Herbert*) behaved very nobly

bly to the haughty *Luines*. Sir *Edward* was inſtructed to mediate a peace for the proteſtants in *France*. *De Luines* haughtily aſked him, *What the king of* England *had to do in that affair?* The embaſſador replied, *It is not to you to whom the king my maſter* (James I,) *owes an account of his actions, and for me it is enough that I obey him; in the mean time I muſt maintain, that my maſter hath more reaſon to do what he doth, than you to aſk me why he doth it. Nevertheleſs, if you civilly deſire me, I ſhall acquaint you further.* Upon this, *Luines*, bowing a little, ſaid, *Very well.* The embaſſador anſwered, *That it was not on this occaſion only, that the king of* Great Britain *had deſired the peace and proſperity of* France, *but upon all other occaſions, whenever any war was raiſed in that country*; and this was his firſt reaſon; the ſecond was, *that a peace being ſettled in his own dominions, the king of* France *might be better diſpoſed, and able to aſſiſt the* Palatinate *in the preſent broils of* Germany. *De Luines* ſaid, *We will have none of your advices.* The embaſſador replied, *That he took that for an anſwer, and was ſorry only that the amicable interpoſition of his maſter, was not*

*not duly underſtood; but that ſince it was ſo abruptly rejected, he could do no leſs than ſay, That the king his maſter knew well enough what to do. De Luines* anſwered, *We are not afraid of you.* The embaſſador, ſmiling a little, replied, *If you had ſaid, you had not loved us I ſhould have believed you, and given you another anſwer; in the mean time, all that I will tell you more is, That we know very well what we have to do. De Luines,* upon this, ſtarting from his chair, ſaid in a great ferment, *By G--d, if you were not, Monſieur, the embaſſador, I know very well how I would uſe you.* Sir *Edw. Herbert* alſo riſing from his chair, ſaid, *That as he was the king of* Great Britain's *embaſſador, ſo he was alſo a gentleman, and that his ſword* (on which he clapt his hand) *ſhould give him ſatisfaction, if he was pleaſed to take any offence.* After which *de Luines* making no reply, the embaſſador went towards the door, and *Luines* ſeeming to accompany him, Sir *Edward* ſaid, *That after ſuch language, there was no occaſion to uſe ſuch ceremony*; and ſo departed, expecting to hear further from him. The embaſſador had afterwards a gracious audience of the king; after which a court

lord

lord telling him, that having offended the conſtable *de Luines*, he was not in a place of ſafety, he gallantly anſwered, *That he thought himſelf to be in a place of ſafety whereſoever he had his ſword by him.* The vindictive *de Luines* procured his brother, with a train of officers (of whom there was not one, as he told king *James*, but had killed his man) to go as embaſſador-extraordinary to *England*; who ſo misrepreſented the affair, that Sir *Edward* was recalled; but, upon his return, he cleared up the affair with honour, and fell on his knees to the king, requeſting that a trumpeter, if not a herald, might be ſent to *de Luines* from him, with an accuſation of falſity, and a challenge for ſatisfaction; but that prince being of a pacific diſpoſition, made anſwer, "That he would think upon it." However, *de Luines* dying ſoon after, Sir *Edward* was again ſent embaſſador to *France*.

## *A* French POET's *Vanity.*

*BENSERADE* was a wit, a poet, and a courtier. He was firſt a favourite of cardinal *Richlieu*, and, after his death, of *Mazarine*, who countenanced him, but with no real advantage. However, *Benſerade* continued now and then to make ſome pretty verſes, till the following artifice procured him the cardinal's liberal patronage. The cardinal, one evening, at the king's deſire, was telling him the manner in which he ſpent his youth at the pope's court: "I was fond "of all learning, but particularly of the "*Belles Lettres* and poetry, in which I "tried my ſkill with tolerable ſucceſs; "I had a pleaſing facility at airy gallant "pieces; in a word, I was the *Benſe-* "*rade* of the court of *Rome*." Having ſo ſaid, he withdrew to his own apartment. Within an hour after, *Benſerade* comes to court; his friends were not wanting to acquaint him with the cardinal's parallel. *Benſerade*, in a tranſport of joy, flies from them to the cardinal's apart-

apartment, and knocks with all the hurry of impatience. The cardinal was juſt laid down to ſleep, but *Benſerade* would not be denied, and ruſhing in, flies to the cardinal's chamber, and caſting himſelf on his knees, after aſking pardon in the moſt ſolemn manner for his intruſion, he told the cardinal what he had juſt heard, and expreſſed himſelf in the ſtrongeſt terms of gratitude for the honour done him by his eminence in comparing him to himſelf in poetical reputation; adding withal, that he was too enraptured with the glory to contain the effuſions of his joy, and that he ſhould have died at the door had he been hindered from pouring them forth at his feet. This forward homage ſo delighted the cardinal, that he aſſured him he ſhould not be long without the firſt fruits of his favour; and within a week he ſent him a warrant for a penſion of one thouſand crowns on the abbey of *St Eloy*, which was ſucceeded by other aſſignments upon the revenues of the church; and he might have been a biſhop if he would have devoted himſelf to the church.

As *Benſerade* knew his talent for poignant banters, he had been a ſingular wit, if

if he had ever let an occaſion ſlip of exerting it. A courtier, who had been long ſuſpected of impotency, and was touched to the quick at the leaſt innuendo of it, meeting *Benſerade* one day, ſaid to him with an air of great ſatisfaction, "Well, "where's your jokes about my manhood "now? There's my wife brought to-"bed of a chopping boy." "Dear, Sir, "replied *Benſerade*, your lady's abilities were never called in queſtion.

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## *An ingenious Amuſement to relieve the Mind in Priſon.*

M. *Peliſſon* was in great eſteem both for his learning and eloquence. Being firſt clerk to M. *Fouquet*, ſur-intendant of the finances, he was involved in his diſgrace, and impriſoned in the *Baſtile*; where, gaining over one who was ſet as a ſpy upon him, he ſent ſeveral letters to Madem. *de Scudery*, in vindication of M. *Fouquet*. Upon their publication, his force and eloquence were immediately diſcerned in them; which deprived him of pen and ink.

We

We now ſee one of the fineſt geniuſes, and moſt valuable men of the age, deſtitute of the means of exerciſing his talents, and with no company in his impriſonment but a dull *Biſcayner*, who, however, luckily could play on the bagpipe; and this the inventive *Peliſſon* found means to turn to ſome amuſement. Perceiving a ſpider making its web near one of the little windows of the priſon, he ſet about taming it; in order to which he uſed to catch flies, and when he laid one upon the edge of the window, he directed the *Biſcayner* to play a certain note; the ſpider by degrees came to underſtand the ſound of this inſtrument, as a notice that ſome prey was ready, and never failed to run out of its hole upon hearing it. *Peliſſon* having brought it to this docility, and moving its prey nearer and nearer to him, after a daily repetition of this exerciſe, the ſpider was ſo thoroughly diſciplined, that at the firſt alarm it would ſally out and gripe a fly in any part of the room, and even from it's inſtructor's knee.

## *The Inſenſibility of* SOLDIERS *verified.*

*ROger de Rabutin*, count *de Buſſy*, devoted himſelf early to a military life; in the camp of which he wrote memoirs of the various actions at which he himſelf was preſent. Among the reſt, he relates the following ſtory.

After dinner, one day, at the ſiege of *Lerſda*, the company, who were all intimate friends, fell to drinking and ſinging. In the height of our jollity, the chevalier *de Valiere* was called upon by the marquis *de la Treuſſe*, who was to relieve him, for inſtructions what works were to be carried on; but the marquis ſeeing him engaged, was for putting it off. "No, ſays the chevalier, it is ne-"ceſſary I ſhould attend you along the "trenches for your better information; "ſo, gentlemen, your ſervant for half an "hour;" but within leſs than a quarter, a ſervant of his came crying out, that his maſter was killed; and it actually was ſo; for the marquis, who always affected to expoſe himſelf needleſsly,

ly, walked along the dyke of the trenches, inſtead of keeping within the gut, the chevalier, ſcorning to ſhew more caution, was knocked on the head by a muſket-ball. After looking at each other, the ſongs and glaſſes went round as briſkly as if nothing at all had happened. So true it is, that war hardens the heart of man, even to the extinction of any humane ſenſibility.

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## *The noble impartiality of a* French DUKE.

THE duke *de Montauſſier* was remarkable for the auſterity of his virtue. The duke's behaviour to Madam *Dacier* is too noble to be omitted. That lady having, in 1682, dedicated a book to the king of *France*, ſhe could not find any perſon at court who would venture to introduce her to his majeſty, in order to preſent her book, becauſe ſhe was at that time a proteſtant. The duke of *Montauſſier*, though governor to the dauphin, offered his ſervice, and taking

her in his coach, preſented her and her book to the king, who told him with an air of reſentment, "That he did wrong "to countenance hereticks; and that "his name might never be a ſanction "to any book written by a Hugonot, "he would order all the copies to be "ſeized." The duke replied, with that undaunted freedom which he always uſed ſo properly towards the king, "Is it "thus, Sir, that you are the patron of "liberty, the *Auguſtus* of the age? I "declare to you frankly, that a king "ought not to be a bigot; *adding*, that "he would thank the lady in his ma-"jeſty's name, and make her a preſent of "a hundred piſtoles, leaving the king "to act as a bigot or a prince." And he acted up to his promiſe, aſſuring Mad. *Dacier*, that his parlour ſhould be always open to a lady of her merit. It is to this nobleman that the world is obliged for the editions of the claſſics *in uſum Delphini*, the firſt idea of this noble deſign being his, though the execution was conducted by the learned biſhop *Huet*.

# SANTEUIL's *flights.*

*SANTEUIL* was a *Regular*, and an inſtance that it is not the habit and tonſure which make the monk, there being little in him eſteemable beſides his wit and his *Latin* poetry. A country gentleman once complaining, that he had been cheated by a monk, *Santeuil*, who was preſent, ſaid, "How, Sir! ſo many "years over your head, and not know a "monk! Ever beware of four things; "of a woman before, of a mule behind, "of a cart ſide-ways, and of a monk "every way."

*Dominic*, the incomparable harlequin of the *Italian* theatre, was for having ſome *Latin* verſes under a print of him, and goes to *Santeuil*; who abruptly aſked him, who he was? what brought him? who ſent him? and immediately ſhut the door againſt him. *Dominic* perceiving that ſuch a humouriſt was not to be dealt with in the common way of addreſs, leaves him, and comes again to the cloiſter, dreſſed in his harlequin habit and maſk, with a ſcarlet cloak over it.

He knocked at the door; and the poet, after bidding him come in five or ſix times to no purpoſe, called out, "If "thou art the devil come in." *Dominic* then throwing by his cloak, ſtalks in. This ſtopt *Santeuil*'s mouth; he ſtared with his arms ſtretched, imagining it was no other than the devil. *Dominic*, having ſtood for ſome time in a poſture correſpondent to the poet's terror, began to trip it about the room, with a thouſand diverting antics. This removed all *Santeuil*'s apprehenſions of an infernal viſitor; ſo that he ſtarted up, and fell to the ſame geſticulations. *Dominic* ſeeing the ſport take, drew his wooden ſword, and gave him ſeveral ſlaps on the cheeks, ſhoulders, and fingers; which *Santeuil*, a little nettled, endeavoured to return with his fiſts; but his adverſary was too nimble for him. Then *Dominic* looſened his girt, and *Santeuil* taking off his amictus, the harlequin and monk fell to ſwinging one another, till the monk finding his adverſary above his match, called out, "Well, if you "are the devil I muſt know your name." "My name, anſwered *Dominic*; I am "the *Santeuil* of the *Italian* theatre."

"Odds

" Odds fiſh! is it ſo? then, replied " *Santeuil*, I am the *Dominic* of *St. Vic-* " *tor's.*" Upon which *Dominic*, unmaſking, after a hearty embrace, told *Santeuil*, he wanted a *Latin* inſcription for his picture; and *Santeuil* immediately gave him——*Caſtigat ridendo mores.*

An abbé, both of quality and merit, ſeeming not exceſſively pleaſed with ſome verſes which *Santeuil* ſhewed him; the poet took upon him to ſay many diſobliging things. Next day, the abbé, to bring him into better temper, ſent him ten piſtoles. " My compliments to the " abbé, ſaid *Santeuil* to the ſervant who " brought them, and let him know that " I am very ſorry I only railed at him, " and that another time I will not fail to " threſh him; for, doubtleſs, it will pro- " cure me the better preſent."

*Santeuil*'s penſion being ſuppreſſed, he writ a *Latin* epigram, which M. *de la Fuillade* took upon him to deliver to the king. A few days after, waiting on that lord at *Verſailles*, he told the poet he had ſhewed his epigram to M. *de Meaux*, who was not overpleaſed with it. " M. " *de Meaux!* anſwered *Santeuil*, an ig- " noramus indeed!" " An ignoramus!

" replied M. *de Fuillade*, all in a flame; " how! M. *de Meaux*, that bright lumi- " nary of the church an ignoramus!" " All his ſcholaſtic qualities, I allow, " ſaid *Santeuil*; he is a profound divine, " an acute controvertiſt, and a fine prea- " cher; but in *Latin* poetry I aver him " to be an ignoramus, and not fit to be " my train-bearer on *Parnaſſus*. Surely " you have both forgot that I am *Santo-* " *lius*; he to have the preſumption to " cenſure my verſes, and you the confi- " dence to tell me ſo!" M. *de Fuillade* perceiving there was ſomething beyond enthuſiaſm in *Santeuil*, clapt his hand to his ſword, in caſe this poetic rage had gone farther; when *Santeuil* added, " Hear me, my lord, truth is truth; as " you are the firſt man in the world for " war, ſo I am for *Latin* verſes; and he " muſt be out of his wits that would go " about to diſpute the precedence with " us." Softened by theſe delicious words, *the firſt man in the world for war*, " Wait here for me, *Santeuil*, ſaid *Fu-* " *illade*;" and going immediately to the king, who ſeemed very chearful, " Sire, " ſaid he, you will ſcarce believe I come " from a greater madman than myſelf."

The

The king, laughing, asked who that could be? "It is no other than *Santeuil*, "ſaid he; then, Sire, he has a merit "beyond that of many wiſe people; "which is to have written verſes in ho- "nour of your majeſty, which will out- "laſt all your ſtatues. It is quite im- "proper, added he, that he who can "immortaliże others, ſhould himſelf be "ſtarving. He had a ſmall penſion; "it was but 800 livres, which it ſeems "is ſuppreſſed, and which I come to "beg of your majeſty to reſtore; it will "be to your own honour." It was granted, and *Santeuil* thanked his bene-factor in a compliment which deſerved ſuch a penſion.

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## DEBTS *not paid with* BUTTERFLIES.

M. *De Fuillade*, figured in his youth with diſtinguiſhed ſplendor, at every court party of pleaſure, his expence greatly exceeded his income; fine horſes were then the prevailing taſte, and no

perſon was upon all occaſions better mounted than he. *Gaveau*, the famous horſe-dealer, attending at his levee one morning, for a debt of 200 piſtoles, M. *de Fuillade* bid his ſervant bring ſix dead butterflies out of ſuch a drawer in his 'ſcritore. The court and city were at that time bewitched with ſuch a fancy for butterflies, that they who had not a curious collection of them, were accounted people of no taſte; and M. *de Fuillade* was at the top of every faſhion. "Well, *Gaveau*, what do you think of "theſe, ſaid he?" "Beautiful crea-"tures, anſwered the jockey, the rain-"bow is a fool to them; I had rather "have a ſingle wing of one of your "butterflies, than all the peacocks tails in "*France*." "Well, what do you ima-"gine may be the worth of them?" ſaid M. *de Fuillade*. "To be ſure, anſwered "*Gaveau*, ſuch fine things come dear; "the value of them cannot be under a "thouſand crowns at leaſt." "That is "rightly ſaid, at leaſt, replied *Fuillade*, "they are worth more; but being at "preſent out of money, take them, I "give you them for my debt." "No, "faith, Sir, I deal in horſes, not in but-

"ter-

" terflies; and if in my tours to *Den-*
" *mark* and *Spain*, to buy the flower of
" their horſes, I carried butterflies, I be-
" lieve I ſhould e'en bring them back
" again." A ſecond half-dozen was brought, " Well, friend *Gaveau*, what
" think you of theſe?" *Gaveau* finding them incomparably more beautiful than the former, ſaid, "that to part with them
" for 2000 crowns, would be ſelling them
" for a ſong." " Well, you ſhall have
" them for my note; noblemen are
" thoſe you ſhould get by." Poor *Gaveau* finding nothing coming but butterflies, went away to M. *de Fuillade*'s father. " My lord, ſaid he, I have been
" with your ſon about 200 piſtoles due
" for horſes." Well, friend, and what
" has he done?" " My lord, he was for
" paying me with butterflies." " You
" ſhould have taken them, returned the
" old gentleman; butterflies are better
" than nothing." It muſt be added, that this gay youth, by his courage, roſe to great honours, paid all his debts, and lived like a worthy nobleman.

# *The* FRIAR's BEARD *impriſoned.*

*Bourſault* uſed to compoſe a Weekly Gazette, with which the king and all the court were extremely entertained. Towards the cloſe of a barren week the gazetteer was complaining at the duke *de Guiſe*'s table, that he wanted matter for his paper. "Well, anſwered the "duke, I'll tell you ſomething, which, "cooked up with your ſkill, will give "the king and court as hearty a fit of "laughing as they have had for ſome "time." Oppoſite to my houſe lives a very noted embroidereſs, whom the capuchins had employed to work a *St. Francis*. One day, a brother going there to ſee how the work went on, fairly fell faſt aſleep, and with his chin cloſe by that of the ſaint; this waggiſh woman, who was juſt beginning the ſaint, had moſt artificially worked in the capuchin's moſt ample beard for that of the ſaint. You may imagine how the poor brother fretted and fumed, to find ſo reſpectable a part thus abuſed. However,

ever, the embroidereſs, after a humourous debate, to whom the beard belong, releaſed it to the natural owner.

"This will do indeed, ſays *Bourſault*." And he put it in ſuch a dreſs, that the king, and devout queen herſelf, could not forbear laughing, and all the court had it by heart. But the princeſs's confeſſor, a *Spaniſh* franciſcan, rigid of himſelf, and egged on by the capuchins, who were all in a flame at ſuch an indignity offered to their ſeraphic father, ſoon brought her majeſty to intereſt herſelf in the affair. The king ſaid all he could to have it paſſed over as a jeſt; but the queen inſiſting on its being animadverted upon, he left her to do as ſhe pleaſed.

Stimulated by her confeſſor, ſhe directed the chancellor to revoke *Bourſault*'s privilege, and ſend him to the *Baſtile* till further orders, to teach him not to jeſt with the ſaints. The chancellor, beſides his favour to men of letters, thinking the queen's anger greater than the offence, in obeying her orders, took care to direct the officer to give *Bourſault* time to write to his friends. Accordingly he wrote to the great *Conde*, his profeſſed patron, who inſtantly drove away

away to court, and interceded with the king, who readily ſuperſeded his commitment to the *Baſtile*, but in complaiſance to the queen ſuppreſſed his Gazette, and ſtruck off his penſion of 2000 livres.

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## *The* GHOST; *a merry adventure.*

*ANtoinette Deſhoulieres* was juſtly eſteemed one of the fineſt, and withal of the moſt ſolid geniuſes of her time. Her early diſplays of wit, her proficiency in literature, and her favour with the great, are nothing ſo ſingular as a proof ſhe gave of her courage,

*— Which daily ſwells not in a troubled flood*
*Of riſing ſpirits and fermenting blood,*

but uſually flows from a ſteady piety, aſſiſted by a ſuperior judgment.

This lady being upon a country viſit to one of her female friends, was informed

formed that nobody had for a long time lain in ſuch an apartment of the houſe, becauſe of a frightful apparition which never failed to haunt it every night. The lady (though at that time with child) ſaid, "I muſt lie there; I long of "all things to ſee an apparition, if there "is any ſuch thing, or to put an end to "your fears." All the entreaties of the "family, and frightful ſtories, could not alter her purpoſe, but lie there ſhe would and did. In the dead of night ſhe heard her door puſhed open; upon which ſhe called out; but the ghoſt, without making any anſwer, came in, treading heavily, and making a dull kind of noiſe; ſoon after a table was overſet, and her curtains began to ſtir; this was followed by the fall of a hand by her bed-ſide. The lady was not in the leaſt daunted, but ſtretched her arms out to feel after this ſpectre, which ſhe concluded, from this clutter, muſt be tangible, and happened to ſeize it by both its ears, without any ſtruggle. The length and ſhagginess of its ears put her to a ſtand what it could be; neither would ſhe let go one of her holds to feel farther, leſt it ſhould get from her; and that the diſ-

covery

covery might be complete, in that troubleſome attitude did ſhe ſet, compoſing in her mind an ode againſt fear, till the dawn of day ſhewed her, that what had interrupted the chearfulneſs of a worthy family, was nothing elſe than an old harmleſs dog, which not caring to be abroad, uſed to come for ſhelter in this room as the door could not lock; then tying her garters about her captive's neck, ſhe dreſſed herſelf, and led him in triumph to the family, who could not ſufficiently admire her courage, whilſt ſhe made herſelf merry with their apprehenſions.

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## *Oddities in the life and character of* M. La FONTAINE.

THERE are ſo many ſingularities in the character and conduct of this celebrated poet and fabuliſt, that we apprehend the reader will not be diſpleaſed with an account of ſome of the particulars, which, though they may

may not ſurpriſe, yet we believe will amuſe and entertain him.

This entertaining writer, though with a liberal education, had reached his 22d year before he had any ſenſe of his ſingular talent for poetry, which diſcloſed itſelf upon his hearing a poem of *Malherbe* read; he attended to it with ſurpriſe and tranſport; the ſame lyric enthuſiaſm which animated that ode, began to glow in his countenance, and the poetic fire which had lain concealed in him, was kindled into a blaze by that of *Malherbe*. He immediately ſet about reading that poet, and canvaſſing his beauties, and ſoon proceeded to imitate him.

Though his humour was exceedingly averſe to any tye or confinement, ſuch was the regard to his parents, that he ſuffered himſelf to be married; indeed the young lady's beauty and elevated genius ſoon gained her the liking of her inſenſible huſband, ſo that he always conſulted her in any conſiderable work. A deſire of converſing with the wits, was the chief motive of his removal to *Paris*, where the intendant ſoon procured him a penſion, the quarterly receipts of which

which he always drew in ſome verſes, full of facetious gratitude.

The delights of *Paris* and the converſation of the prime wits, did not however hinder him from going once a year, in *September*, to viſit Mrs. *la Fontaine*, always taking with him *Racine*, *Boileau*, *Chapelle*, or ſome other of the poetic claſs; but that theſe viſits might turn to ſome account to him, he never failed to ſell ſome piece of land or a houſe; ſo that by his negligence and laviſhneſs, and his wife being no better œconomiſt than himſelf, a handſome family eſtate became entirely diſſipated.

Never were any author's writings a juſter tranſcript of his humour; he was plain, artleſs, and eaſy; without the leaſt gall or ambition; credulous, open, never taking any thing amiſs; and what is moſt ſingular, he lived in a long and cordial intimacy with his brethren of the quill; he ſeemed to take a delight in talking of their ſeveral excellencies; their overſights he never mentioned but to themſelves, and then only when his opinion was deſired. Scarce a word from him in company, unleſs with intimates, or on a very intereſting ſubject.

ſubject. Having been invited to dine at a houſe of diſtinction, he fed very heartily, but not a word could be got from him, and roſe from table ſoon after, on pretence of going to the academy, of which he had been choſen a member. It was to no purpoſe that all the company told him he would be too ſoon. "*O ſaid he, I'll take the longeſt way.*"

It is very remarkable, that, contrary to the idea which his tales gave of him, his morals were quite pure; nothing licentious, or ſo much as equivocal, eſcaped him in converſation: but the ſingular proof of his virtue is, that mothers uſed to conſult him concerning the education of their daughters; and young people, who were going to act a part in the world, concerning their behaviour. In his excellent advice on theſe occaſions, he obſerved the direct medium betwixt the auſterity of a director, and the relaxneſs of a worldling.

He had a ſon, whom after keeping at home a ſhort time, he recommended to the patronage of preſident *Harley*. *M. la Fontaine* happening to be at a houſe where his ſon was, did not know him again, but told the company he was a forward

forward promiſing youth; and being informed that this hopeful ſpark was no other than his own ſon, he anſwered very unconcernedly, "*Ha! truly I am* "*glad on it.*"

That apathy which ſo many philoſophers ſtrove to affect ran through every part of his behaviour, and ſeemed to render him inſenſible even to any changes of weather. As he had a wonderful facility, he never had a particular cloſet for compoſing, but ſet his wits to work wherever the humour came upon him. One morning madam *de Bouillon* going to *Verſailles*, ſpied him deep in thought under a tree, and at her return in the evening, there was he in the very ſame place and attitude, though there had fallen a very cold rain the greateſt part of the day; the conſequences of theſe poetic reveries were a negligence in dreſs, and many laughable diſtractions.

Upon the death of madam *Sabliere*, with whom he had lived upwards of twenty years; ſeveral of the *Engliſh* nobility were for enriching their iſland with this inimitable man, and made him offers, which, as they were not inferior

to

to his merit, ſo they gain'd his regard ſo far, as to ſet him about learning *Engliſh*; it is true, that his indolence could not bear that difficult language; but what ſaved *France* the diſgrace of loſing ſuch a man, was the liberality of the duke of *Burgundy*, and the emulation which the generous invitation of the *Engliſh* lords had raiſed in his own countrymen.

He was ſeized with a dangerous illneſs in 1692; when the prieſt had talked to him of religion, concerning which he had lived in extreme careleſſneſs, though he was far from being an infidel or libertine, *la Fontaine* told him, "I have "lately beſtowed ſome hours in read- "ing the *new teſtament*, I aſſure you that "it is a good book; yes, as I have a "ſoul to be ſav'd it is a very good book; "but there is one article which ſtaggers "me, that is, everlaſting puniſhment; "do you think it is not againſt the "goodneſs of God." His difficulty was ſoon levelled; and being brought to a clearer knowledge of religious truths, the prieſt repreſented to him, that he had certain intelligence of a dramatic piece of his, which had been read with univerſal applauſe, and was ſoon

to

to be put into the actors hands for repreſentation. " Sir, continued he, the " profeſſion of an actor is counted infa- " mous by the laws, their perſons are " excluded from the ſacraments by the " church, conſequently to contribute " to uphold ſuch a prophane calling is " wrong; and tell you I muſt, that I " cannot give you abſolution upon your " confeſſion, unleſs you promiſe never " to deliver that piece to the actors." This appeared too rigid, and *la Fontaine* appealed to the *Sorbonne*. His extraordinary character, and the importance of the caſe, drew a deputation of that learned body to him, who certified him, that his prieſt had told him only the truth, without any exaggeration, and that the ſtage had been in all ages condemned by the church; upon which this ſincere penitent immediately threw the piece into the fire, without ſo much as keeping a copy. The prieſt afterwards laid before him the evil tendency of his *tales*. " Theſe, Sir, ſaid he, " you own have ſeen ſeveral editions, " and that there is another actually in " the preſs in *Holland*, from which ſome " emolument accrues to you; thus, while

" the

" the *French* language ſubſiſts, they will " continue to be a moſt dangerous ſe- " ducement. Now, Sir, the ſacra- " ments cannot be admitted to you, " but upon two conditions; the one, " that if it be found neceſſary to admi- " niſter the ſacrament to you in your " illneſs, that you make a public ac- " knowledgment of your fault at re- " ceiving; and if you recover your " health, that you alſo do the ſame at " your firſt appearance in the academy; " the other, that you are not to receive " any pecuniary advantage from the " ſale or printing of that book, but as " much as in you lies, hinder and op- " poſe it."

*M. la Fontaine* could not digeſt this public penance, ſaying, he could not perceive his book to be ſo peſtiferous, though he would not pretend to juſtify it; he proteſted that the writing of the book made no bad impreſſion on him, and he could not ſee how the reading of it ſhould pollute the mind. However, the eloquent prieſt having brought him to a full ſenſe of the guilt of the compoſition, and the offence given to the church in the publication of it, he promiſed

promiſed to comply with any condition, to ſhew the ſincerity of his repentance.

His diſtemper increaſing, it was thought proper that he ſhould receive the holy *viaticum*, and at the direction of his prieſt, he readily conſented that a deputation of the academy ſhould be deſired to attend at his ſolemn repentance. Accordingly on the following day, the members of the academy repaired to the pariſh church, and from thence, together with many other perſons of rank and merit, followed the ſacrament to the chamber of this famous penitent; who, without any exhortation, addreſſed himſelf in the following manner to the prieſt. "Sir, "I have deſired the gentlemen of the "academy, of which I have the hon-"our to be a member, to aſſiſt by de-"puties at what I am going to do, it "is but too well known that I am the "miſerable author of a book of infa-"mous tales. In compoſing it, I did not "think it to be a book of any pernici-"ous tendency; but my eyes have been "opened, and I allow it to be a moſt "abominable compoſition, I am filled

"with

" with grief that I ever wrote and pub-
" liſhed it. I beg pardon of God, of
" the church, of you, Sir, its miniſter,
" of you gentlemen of the academy,
" and of all here preſent. It is my
" hearty wiſh that this book had never
" come from my pen, and that I could
" really ſuppreſs it; I ſolemnly pro-
" miſe in the preſence of God, whom
" though unworthy and vile, I am
" now to receive; that I will never
" contribute to the ſale or impreſſion
" thereof: I actually, and for ever re-
" nounce all the profit coming to me
" from a new edition reviſed by me,
" which is now by my wretched ap-
" probation printing in *Holland*. If
" God reſtores me to health, I hope
" he will aſſiſt me in the full and due
" performance of the vow I now make,
" of ſpending the remainder of my life
" in penitential exerciſes to the utmoſt
" of the ability of my bodily ſtrength,
" and to devote my poetry only to de-
" vout compoſitions: it is my requeſt,
" gentlemen, (turning towards the aca-
" demicians) that you would report to
" the academy what you have now
" been witneſſes of." Afterwards he

 received

received the holy *viaticum*, with all the ſigns of a ſincere contrition.

This act of devotion was not long without a temporal recompence; for that very afternoon a gentleman came to M. *la Fontaine* from the duke of *Burgundy*, then but eleven years old, with a meſſage that the young prince had heard with a great deal of joy, of his laſt repentance, that it could not fail of doing him honour before men, and obtaining mercy from God; but that as it hurt his purſe, the prince thinking it hard that any one ſhould be the poorer for doing his duty, he ſent him fifty *louis*, which was all he had left of his privy purſe allowance for that month, and that if the preſent had been larger, his pleaſure would have been the greater. M. *la Fontaine* lived two years after this, and in a manner entirely comformable to the proteſtation made in his illneſs, and which he had rendered at his firſt appearance in the academy.

The unaccountable character of M. *la Fontaine* before his converſion, appears ſtrongly in the following paſſages. Some of his *Pariſian* friends urged him to go and be reconciled to Mrs. *la Fontaine*,

*taine*, and that it was a ſhame to ſeperate himſelf from a woman of ſuch merit. Accordingly he ſets out in the ſtage coach, and being arrived at the town, goes and enquires for his wife; the ſervant not knowing him, anſwered, her miſtreſs was gone to church; upon this he walked away to an acquaintances with whom having ſpent two or three merry days, he took the return of the coach without any further thoughts of his wife; and when his friends enquired about his reconciliation, he anſwered, I have been to ſee my wife, but was told ſhe was at church.

*Racine* once carried *la Fontaine* to the *Tenebræ*, (a ſervice in the *Roman* church before *Eaſter*, in repreſentation of the agony of *Chriſt* in the garden) and perceiving the ſervice laſted too long for him, he gave him a bible, in which were the leſſer prophets. *La Fontaine* happened to open the book at the prayer of the *Jews* in *Baruch*, read it over and over with ſuch admiration, that he could not forbear whiſpering to *Racine*. "This *Baruch* was a fine writer, do "you know any thing of him." And for ſome days after, if he

chanced to meet with any perſon of letters, after the uſual compliments, his queſtion was; " have you ever read " *Baruch?* there's a firſt rate genius," and this ſo loud, that every one near might hear him.

*Rabelais*, whom *Boileau* uſed to call *reaſon in maſquerade*, was *la Fontaine*'s idol. Being once with *Boileau*, *Racine*, and other men of note, among whom were ſome eccleſiaſtics, St. *Auſtin* was talked of for a long time, and with the higheſt commendations; *la Fontaine* liſtened with his natural air, which was far from being the moſt promiſing; at laſt, as waking out of a profound ſleep, he with the greateſt ſeriouſneſs, aſked one of the eccleſiaſtics, whether he thought St. *Auſtin* had more wit than *Rabelais*? the doctor, eyeing *la Fontaine* from head to foot, only anſwered, " *how's this* M. la Fontaine? " *you have put on one of your ſtockings* " *the wrong ſide outward*," as he had actually done.

A particular, which ſhews the common predicament of *Fontaine*, is, that the nurſe who attended him in his illneſs, obſerving the fervour of the prieſt,

in

in his exhortations, ſaid to him, *ah! good Sir, dont plague him ſo, he is rather ſtupid than wicked*; and another time, *God wont have the heart to damn him.* M *la Fontaine* has ſaid, it was through ſtupidity that *la Fontaine* preferred the fables of the antients to his; and in the opinion of another wit, *la Fontaine* was leſs than man with men, and more than man with beaſts.

To conclude with a circumſtance greatly to his honour; *la Fontaine*'s widow being moleſted about the payment of ſome public moneys, the intendant gave orders that no tax or impoſt ſhould be levied upon M. *la Fontaine*'s family; and none of the ſucceeding intendants have offered to revoke ſuch a diſtinguiſhing favour. His deſcendants carefully preſerve the original inſtrument, which redounds no leſs to the honour of the magiſtrate who granted it, than the poet to whom it was granted.

# TACITURNITY *preferable to* ELOQUENCE.

STephen *Pavillon* ſignalized himſelf with ſuch ſucceſs at the bar, that he never loſt a cauſe, and became advocate general in the parliament of *Metz*. Upon the reputation of his abilities, cardinal *Mazarine* ſent for him, intending to make him advocate general in the parliament of *Paris*; but perceiving he was not to be moulded into that ſervile pliantneſs which that miniſter expected from all his dependants, he was left in his former ſtation.

M. *Pavillon*, from this incident, and ſome family loſſes, deſpairing of ever making a large fortune, and a ſcanty one little ſuiting his temper, he diſpoſed of his place as advocate general in the parliament of *Metz*, and removed to *Paris* for the pleaſure of freedom and converſation. His works, which may be called moral and entertaining, make two volumes in twelves, and for a taſte of them, I have extracted the three following ſhort pieces. The firſt he entitles,

*Taci-*

*Taciturnity preferable to Eloquence*: upon which he deſcants in the following manner.

It is ſurpriſing that, amidſt ſuch a multitude of rules only teaching men to ſpeak, none have been laid down to teach them ſilence: yet the one requires much more ſkill than the other, nature prompting us to ſpeak, whereas ſilence is a kind of reſtraint upon it. How many are great talkers or great orators, if that ſounds better, in compariſon of the ſilentious. We have *the art of ſaying much on a little*; whereas we rather want *the art of ſaying a great deal in a little*. What is rhetoric, with all its boaſted figures? an ignorant woman, moved by ſtrong paſſions, is as energetic as *Cicero*; true, ſhe does not, like *Cicero*, know the names of the ſeveral figures which her emotion has employed. A mighty ſcience this, after a laborious ſtudy of rhetoric! but the art of ſilence is quite another thing, not taught by paſſion, but vigilance and reaſon; and how much harder it is to comply with the precepts of the latter, than the former need not be ſaid. A man who is ſilent, reaſons; but a man often talks very

fluently without reaſoning. As to the women, they have naturally voluble tongues, but to their retrocination no great difference was ever paid. Both in ancient and modern hiſtory, one every where meets with orators; nothing more common in them than men who talked a great deal, and talked well; but as to the glorious epithet of *ſilent*; one man alone has occurred to me on whom it was conferred, and it muſt be owned, that he acted up to it. He was at the head of the greateſt deſigns perhaps ever executed; I mean *William* prince of *Orange*, who made ſuch a ſtand againſt *Spain*, and founded the commonwealth of the *United Provinces*. Cardinal *Granville* a *Spaniſh* ſtateſman, knew the importance of this man's taciturnity; for upon receiving advice that the counts *Egmont* and *Horn* were apprehended, he aſked whether the *ſilent man* alſo was taken, and being anſwered in the negative, he replied, *ah! then nothing is done.* Thoſe ſpeakers, *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes*, with their torrents of eloquence, were they ever ſo much dreaded by their enemies? the licentiouſneſs of their tongues brought them

them to no deſirable ends, and I believe their laſt words were a curſe upon all their former. What a laudable exertion of wiſdom was it, that a whole nation ſhould agree to a ſparingneſs of ſpeech; I mean the *Spartans*, who in their conciſe ſtile have ſaid more fine things than all the loquacious *Athenians*; and that when the redoubted *Philip* of *Macedon* demanded a paſſage for his troops through their territories, to the laboured ſpeech of his ambaſſadors, on that head, all the anſwer was, *no*. Now what could the mellifluous orators of *Athens* have framed more expreſſive and ſublime, than that bold *no*?—let us try to recover this art of taciturnity; examples in all attempts are encouraging, 'tis one of the beſt ſecrets of antiquity, and now totally loſt; loſt without any concern. We could better have ſpared their braſs ſtatues and marble monuments, yet what a rout is kept about theſe among the virtuoſos, though it would puzzle their delicate brains to point out any ſubſtantive utility in the greateſt part of them.

# *The art of* TACITURNITY *in* WOMEN.

HERE's a bold chapter; I expect the title only will raiſe a general hooting; *the art of taciturnity in women?* why that's even as much as to ſay; *the art of immortality*; however, I'll ſtand all the ſneers of the town, and try if I cannot prevail ſomething with the garrulous tribe. Firſt, it would be no ſmall matter if they could be brought not to ſpeak all together. Amazing is their facility in talking continually, without liſtening to each other; to reply to what one has not heard, requires a marvellous readineſs of conception. If any one happen to forbear till another has done, what a confuſion do her looks betray, her eyes ſparkle with impatience at the reſtraint of her tongue. The attention of a ſingle minute is an excruciating uneaſineſs to many; but when once the talk is come into their hands; they do not eaſily let go their hold: ſuch

ſuch as theſe I give over as incurables; but the other, were it only to ſave ſo many burning hearts and ill looks, ſhould, for the general quiet, agree to ſpeak alternately. Why do they ſo eaſily forgive inattention to what they ſay; and if they would be heard, why dont they alſo hear? is it to eaſe their tongue of ſome acrid humour that they gabble ſo impetuouſly? a ſecond point of no leſs conſequence than the former, if I could be ſo lucky as to perſuade them to it, is to be very ſparing of repetitions. If a woman has heard or ſeen any thing notable, an intrigue, or an ill contrived dreſs, and whilſt the idea is recent in her mind receives a dozen ſucceſſive viſits, there muſt be a dozen deſcriptions of it, all equally diffuſe and animated. I have known not a few who would ramble away a whole day from houſe to houſe, only for the ſake of ſpreading ſome merry ſtory, with their own improvements: in a good hour were they, whom they miſſed, from home. But if I might preſume to meddle with names and faſhions, amours and parrots, and the inexhauſtible ſource of female converſation,

ſation, I would ſay, that were theſe never brought upon the carpet, the tatlers would be effectually reduced to have more ſenſe than is uſually found in them, or to a ſilence, which is more a-kin to it than that unbridled dicacity in haranguing on every trifle. But how? would you have them bury their favourite talent of ſurveying a perſon from head to foot in the twinkling of an eye; of gueſſing the price of whatever comes in their way; of remembering the number and kind of the dreſſes of the beau monde; with the ſeveral articles of their public conduct and domeſtic management? indeed to relinquiſh ſuch valuable attainments is ſo mortifying a taſk, that I chuſe to betake myſelf to the taciturnity which I recommend, rather than preach to no purpoſe.

# *A* LOVE GAZETTE.

*From the iſland of* Paſſions ; *1ſt, of the month of* Inclination, 1698.

A Ship from port *Hope* brings advice, that the inhabitants of that iſland are revolted in the city of *Love*, the capital, and that after maſtering the citadel of *Reaſon*, where they deſtroyed the works and burnt the magazines, they had forced the governor, the duke of *Good-ſenſe*, to retire into *Jealouſy* tower. It is added, that the wives, animated by their huſbands example, had beſieged the governor in that fortreſs, and brought him to a capitulation, by which not only the ſaid tower is to be demoliſhed, but that fort *Virtue*, a ſtately ancient ſtructure built on a rock, ſhall be entirely razed, as a mark of ſlavery, a cloak upon the liberties of a free people.

*From*

*From the city of* Beauty, *the* 18*th of the month* Attachment.

ON the 3d the ſtates met, when the ſeſſion was opened by M. *Coquet*, intendant of the *Finances*, in a ſpeech full of pretty verſes, and ſoft ſentiments; the *Allurements* anſwered him with a ſweetneſs which was very acceptable to him, eſpecially the promiſe that their city would furniſh a million and a half of *Ogles* towards the war againſt the *Inſenſibles*, and expedite the levy of a regiment of *Charms* for the ſervice of *Love*. It is reported, that before the aſſembly riſes, the above ſagacious intendant will erect an office of *Billet's-doux*, and lay a tax of a thouſand *kiſſes* per diem, for the maintenance of ſo many *languors* which he deſigns for our garriſon.

*From*

*From the diſtrict of* Portion; *the* 14*th of the month* Fortunate.

WE are greatly alarmed here at the march of general *Intereſt*, who is advancing with an indefatigable corps of forty thouſand feigned *tranſports*, inſidious *ſtratagems*, and artificial *fires*. *Love* is following him with a large body of *complaiſances*, and has withdrawn his forces of *attachments* and *aſſiduities*, which were cantoned in the towns of the provinces of *fine-face* and *merit*; theſe being deſerted, were ſoon ravaged by the *infidels*, who are now in full march towards the diſtrict of *Portion*, to make an inroad in conjunction with *intereſt*.

*From the camp before* Cruelty, *the* 8*th of the month* Deſpair.

THE beſieged made a ſally on the night of the 14th with five hundred *provoked looks*, demoliſhed the enemy's

enemy's works, killed three hundred of *Zeal*'s regiment, and nailed up two ſmall cannons called *ſobs*; but the following night, the colonels *Handſomeneſs* and *Addreſs* mounting the trenches, vigorouſly aſſaulted the half-moon *Rigour*, which defends the gate, beat and drove into the town the *Diſdains* which were poſted on it, whilſt a battery of eight ſilver thirty pounders played on it very ſucceſsfully, and made ſuch a wide breach that the city was obliged to capitulate. The marquis of *Profuſion* and M. *Gift* are appointed to draw up the articles.

*From the republic of* Enjoyment, *the* 18*th of the month* Delights.

AT a late meeting of the ſenate it was reſolved to demoliſh the huge tower of *Shame*, which princeſs *Pudicity* had ordered to be rebuilt as a ſecurity to the town. The ſaid princeſs was alſo declared an enemy to the ſtate, and as ſuch, was ordered to depart the republic without any delay, in pain of being

being trampled to death by the *Hugs* and *Romps*, of whom the mob conſiſts. A proclamation was alſo iſſued, that the inhabitants, which are the tribes *Indulgences*, *Careſſes*, and *Levities*, prepare for welcoming general *Jollity*, who has fixed the critical minute of next *Friday* for his public entry.

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## *The* POET'S CONFESSION.

*BOILEAU* the famous *French* poet, preſented himſelf, one *Eaſter*, to the pariſh prieſt for confeſſion, who not knowing him, aſked him his calling? *I make verſes*, anſwered *Boileau*. *That is bad*, ſaid the prieſt, *and what verſes, ſatires*, added the penitent; *worſe and worſe*, replied the confeſſor; *but againſt whom? againſt thoſe*, ſaid *Boileau*, *who make bad verſes, againſt the vices of the times, againſt licentious compoſures, againſt romances, againſt operas, againſt*——*Oh, ho!* interrupted the prieſt, *all's well then, and I have nothing more to ſay to you.*

*The*

## *The* POET'S ASSURANCE.

THE famous marſhal duke *de Feuillade* once ſhewing *Boileau* ſome verſes, which he ſeeming to ſlight; let me tell you, ſaid the marſhal, you are over nice, to turn up your noſe at verſes, which to the king and the dauphineſs ſeemed excellent. I do not in the leaſt queſtion, ſaid *Boileau*, his majeſty's ſkill in taking towns and gaining battles, and I am as ready to own the wit and judgment of the dauphineſs; but by your leave, my lord, I underſtand verſes as well as either of them. Away flies the marſhal to the king, and eagerly ſays to him, was there ever ſuch a preſumptuous coxcomb as that *Boileau*? he had the face juſt now to tell me that he underſtands poetry a little better than your majeſty. Oh! as to that, marſhal, anſwered the king, I am ſorry to tell you that *Boileau* is quite in the right.

# *A* PRIEST'S AVARICE.

AN eccleſiaſtic once inveighing with a ſeeming indignation againſt pluralities, told *Boileau*, is it poſſible ſuch, with their vaſt learning, can be ſo fatally blinded; if the doctrine of the apoſtles, if the decrees of councils, be of any weight with them, they muſt know the danger of having many benefices. I am in prieſt's orders, and without vanity, of one of the beſt families in the country, and a gentleman is in ſome meaſure obliged to live up to his birth; yet, I proteſt to you, Sir, were I once ſettled in an abbey, though but of a thouſand crowns a year, it would be the *ne plus ultra* of my honeſt ambition; I ſhould rather decline than court any further preferments. Soon after, this moderate gentleman's brother helped him to an abbey of no leſs than ſeven thouſand livres a year; the next winter he wriggled himſelf into another of eight thouſand; and within a year, upon the vacancy of a priory

of

of ſix thouſand, he collected his whole intereſt, and obtained it. *Boileau*, ſtunned at this accumulation of benefices, paying the pluraliſt a viſit, ſaid to him. "What is become of that "candour and moderation which ſaw "ſo much impiety and danger in "multiplying benefices." "Ah! "my friend *Boileau*, anſwered he, "if you knew how theſe things "ſweeten life." "I make no doubt "on it, anſwered *Boileau*; but death, "*Abbe*, Death, there's the ſting." Such a reproof came the better from *Boileau*, as having poſſeſſed a benefice nine years, without wearing the eccleſiaſtical habit, when he found in himſelf a ſettled averſion to that ſtate, he reſigned his living, and computing the neat profits which it had brought to him, diſtributed the money among the poor of that pariſh.

A

## *A* COUNSELLOR's *honeſt freedom.*

*DU Chattelet* had ſuch an unſhaken integrity, that he was impriſoned for refuſing to act in ſome dirty meaſures; being afterwards releaſed, he went to the king's chapel; but that prince, it ſeems, affected to look another way, that he might not meet the eyes of a perſon to whom he had done ſuch a flagrant injury. Hereupon *Chattelet* whiſpered one of the noblemen, "Be ſo good, my lord, "as to tell the king, that I freely for-"give him, and beg the honour of one "look." This ſet the king a laughing, and all was well.

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## HEROIC FIRMNESS.

*SCUDERY* had a great elevation of ſpirit, though poor; of which the following incident is a ſingular proof, and is thus related by *Chevreau*: "Queen

"*Chriſtina*

" *Chriſtina* told me an hundred times, " that ſhe deſigned a gold chain, of the " value of a thouſand piſtoles, as a pre- " ſent to M. *Scudery*, for the dedica- " tion of his *Alarick*, an heroic poem; " but the count *de la Gardie*, who makes " a fine figure in this poem, happening " to incur the queen's diſpleaſure, by " her orders I acquainted *Scudery*, that " the work would be much more ac- " ceptable to her majeſty, if the count " *de la Gardie*'s name was expunged, " and he would adapt ſome other more " deſerving name to thoſe encomiums." *Scudery* made anſwer, "No! tho' the " queen's golden chain were as weighty " as that mentioned in the hiſtory of the " *Incas* of *Peru*, he would never demo- " liſh the altar on which he had ſacri- " ficed, and to a worthy deity; that an " iron chain would beſt ſuit ſuch tergi- " verſation." This heroic firmneſs, how- ever, gave ſuch offence to the queen, that ſhe totally changed her mind; and what was as bad, *Scudery*'s *worthy deity*, who owed him ſome return to ſuch an attachment, did not ſo much as pay him a compliment, tho' the count was a *Frenchman*.

ANEC-

# ANECDOTES *relating to* CHRISTINA *queen of* Sweden.

IN 1656, queen *Chriſtina* made her entry into *Vienne* in *Dauphiny*, dreſs'd like an Amazon, in a buff-collar, a plain petticoat, a military ſaſh, mens ſhoes, a large black wigg full of powder, and a ſword by her ſide. *Peter Boiſay*, ſurnamed *The Wit*, and known to the queen by ſome poetical pieces in her praiſe, was deſired by the magiſtracy to be their ſpokeſman. He appeared before her with a long beard, and a coarſe gown, ſo that ſhe was quite diſguſted at his ſlovenlineſs, but more at his ſpeech, which, inſtead of an elegant panegyric, was a prolix ſermon on the contempt of the world, and the judgments of God. But the dean of the cathedral gave a quite different turn to his oration, as if he had known *Chriſtina*'s weakneſs; for ſhe had an averſion to women in general; her being ſuch was a pungent vexation to her, and whatever put her in mind of it was ſure to provoke her. In her

her ſeveral journies, ſhe had ſtood above two thouſand harangues or compliments, which ſhe always nauſeated, though the performances of choſen men of genius, and worked up with all imaginable art. One day her phyſician ſaid, "Allow me "the freedom, madam, to aſk the rea- "ſon of your diſlike of theſe pompous "harangues:" "Who, anſwered ſhe, "can bear with one eternal round of "ſuch jargon as this? *Illuſtrious daugh-* "*ter*; *the great* Guſtavus; *tenth muſe*; "Sappho *of our days*; *the honour and* "*glory of your ſex.* Theſe gentlemen "are at a wonderful deal of pains to tell "me that I am a woman; I know it "too well, without their ſtuff."

The dean, throughout his whole ſpeech, avoided the word *queen*; he not only compares *Chriſtina* to the greateſt heroes, but ſhewed that ſhe ſurpaſſed them by the ſuperiority of her genius, the extent of her learning, and in a more diſtinguiſhed manner by her bounty to the learned. Theſe touches were ſo acceptable to the queen, that ſhe aſked for a copy of the ſpeech, which ſhe read over ſeveral times before ſhe went to bed. She preſented the dean with a gold me-

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dal, on one ſide of which was her buſto, and on the other her abdication; and gave him a magnificent proſpect if he would attend her as her firſt chaplain: But a nobleman diſſuaded him, by the inſtance of ſeveral perſons of merit whom the queen had invited into *Sweden*, and were returned barer than they went; and particularly the renowned *Grotius*, whoſe death was haſtened by the queen's ill uſage; repreſenting *Chriſtina* alſo as a fickle capricious woman, and given up to her pleaſures. Tho' the dean made handſome excuſes, the queen's reſentment was viſible in the coldneſs with which ſhe treated him ever after, till ſhe left that city.

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## *A* LUDICROUS PHOENOMENON.

THE affair of a phœnomenon ſeen at *Marſeilles*, by a nobleman and his lady in their bed-chamber, is not unentertaining. *Gaſſendi*, the famous philoſopher and aſtronomer, was conſulted

about it, who, after a long muſing, declared, that this phœnomenon muſt have been produced by the inflamed vapours emitted by the count and counteſs in reſpiration. But what was this phœnomenon in reality? Why, the chamber-maid concealed under the bed, who, at times, made a circular motion with a ſhining phoſphorus; and this was a device of the counteſs's, to frighten her huſband from *Marſeilles* to *Paris*, where ſhe longed to be.

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## *The bad fortune of* POETS *accounted for.*

SORBIERE attributes the ill circumſtances of poets, partly to their being ſo abſorbed in compoſing; the pleaſure poetry affords is very exquiſite; but the misfortune is, that it diverts the geniuſes from more important attention; it gives a ſingular turn to their conduct, and thus involves them in difficulties. Rather than interrupt the inſpiring God, a true poet will be wanting in civility to a friend,

a friend, will break material appointments, and neglect his office; nay, their attachment has been known to be ſo ſtrong as to take off the ſenſe of pain; witneſs *Marino*, who burnt his leg as he was writing ſome pathetic ſtanzas of his *Adonis*. Yet the poet's preſſures well deſerve our pity, as owing to thoſe elevations of fancy which give us ſo much delight. There are other more frequent and more ſhameful cauſes; I mean their odd vices. *Triſtan* had, at ſeveral times, received above 1000 piſtoles from the duke *de St. Aignan*, yet never had a good coat on his back. This ſupineneſs (to give it the ſofteſt name) of the inſpired train, is prettily expoſed in the following tale.

I remember formerly to have read a witty piece, entitled, *A poet bought a houſe*. The ſubſtance of it is this: "A "certain poet having purchaſed a houſe "of his own, this ſtrange matter was "laid before the ſeſſion of poets, as a "dangerous innovation, and a very bad "precedent. Accordingly, without any "warm debates, it was diſapproved; "and when every member ſeverally de-"livered his opinion and vote, it ap-

" peared that there was not one of this " Parnaſſian family, who by the favour " of patrons, or the equity of bookſel- " lers, was maſter of a houſe; all of " them neglecting their own private for- " tune, frankly owned, and bragged, " that they lived in lodgings. Where- " upon it was ordered, *nem. con.* that " this purchaſing poet ſhould immedi- " ately ſell his houſe, and lay in wine " with the produce for their entertain- " ment; and habituate himſelf, like a " true poet, to live in a ſingle room, " above the petty concerns of life, " which only ſhackled a genius."

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## *Military arrogance humbled.*

IT had been uſual for the muſketeers, gend'arms, and others of the king's horſe-guards, to be exempted from paying at the theatre, ſo that frequently the pit was crouded with them; which, with their obſtreperous behaviour, obliged *Moliere* to lay the matter before the king, who immediately ſaid, " That " they

" they were gentlemen, and ought to " pay and behave as ſuch;" and gave orders accordingly. This ſo provoked theſe gentlemen of the blade, that they broke open the houſe door, killed the door-keepers, and were proceeding to ferret out the company, vowing, with horrid imprecations, to cut the windpipes of theſe informing ſcoundrels of players. But one of them, who was dreſſed up like an old man, ſuitable to his part, came upon the ſtage, and falling upon his knees, cried out, *For God's ſake, gentlemen, ſpare a poor old creature who has but a few days to live; the blood of ſuch as we does not deſerve to ſtain thoſe glorious ſwords, which, in your intrepid hands, have made ſuch havock in the field of battle.* This ſubmiſſion from a young beardleſs actor, appeaſed all their rage by cajoling their vanity; and the king's reſentment at ſuch an outrage brought them into order.

# TRUE GENEROSITY.

*MOLIERE* had an excellent heart, of which many inſtances might be given. One day his pupil *Baron* bringing him word of a man whom extreme diſtreſs hindered from ſhewing himſelf, and that his name was *Mondargo*; "I "know him, anſwered *Moliere*; he was "one of us in *Languedoc*; what will it "be proper to give him?" *Baron*, after ſome pauſe, ſaid, "Four piſtoles." "Well, replied *Moliere*, I am going to "give him four for myſelf, and do you "give him theſe twenty." To this handſome preſent *Moliere* added many tender expreſſions, and a very rich theatrical habit for tragedies.

*Moliere* having thrown out alms one day to a beggar, the man called out to the coach to ſtop; and coming up, "Sir, ſaid he, I ſuppoſe this piece of "gold was not intended for me." *Moliere*, after a moment's pauſe, cried out, "In what holes does virtue neſtle itſelf? "Here, friend, there is another."

# MOLIERE's FUNERAL;
## *with reflections on players.*

THE company, of which *Moliere* was the head, propoſed a very pompous funeral for him; but the archbiſhop of *Paris* would not allow him ſo much as chriſtian burial. *Moliere*'s widow, willing to make ſome amends, by her reſpect to his corpſe, for the uneaſineſs ſhe gave him while living, went and threw herſelf at the king's feet for redreſs; the king told her, "That it be-"ing an affair within the archbiſhop's "juriſdiction, he was the perſon ſhe "muſt petition." However, his majeſty ſent a meſſage to the prelate, recommending the matter to him, as his refuſal would make a great noiſe, and give offence. This induced the archbiſhop to recal his prohibition, provided that the funeral ſhould be plain and ſilent; accordingly it was performed by two prieſts without ſinging, a great number of his friends attending, each with a torch in his hand; but Mrs. *Moliere*, who was always upon extremes,

ſeveral times exclaimed, *What! is a funeral denied to a man who deſerved altars?*

The devout archbiſhop ſeems to have favoured plays as little as *Edward* III, of *England*, who ordained, "That a "company of men called vagrants, "ſhould be whipt out of *London*, be- "cauſe they repreſented ſcandalous foo- "liſh things in ale-houſes, and other "places, to crouds of people." This ſevere edict put the players upon contriving religious repreſentations: For, a few years after, the clergy and ſcholars of St. *Paul*'s ſchool, petitioned *Richard* II, "to prohibit a company of unexpert "people from repreſenting the hiſtory "of the *Old Teſtament*, to the great pre- "judice of the ſaid clergy, who have "been at great charge and expence, in "order to repreſent it publickly at "*Chriſtmas*."

# *The* MISER.

*CHAPELAIN* was at ſuch a height of reputation, that the cardinal *de Richlieu* could think of no better expedient to give the world a high idea of ſomething he was about to publiſh, than to prefix *Chapelain*'s name to it; "*Chapelain*, ſaid he, lend me your name on "this occaſion, and I'll lend you my "purſe on any other."

*Chapelain* was moſt ſordidly ſtingy. "*Peliſſon* and I, ſays *Menage*, had been "at variance a long time with *Chapelain*, "but, in a fit of humility, he called "upon me, inſiſting that we ſhould go "together, and offer a reconciliation to "*Chapelain*, for that it was his intention, "*as much as poſſible, to live in peace with* "*all men.*" We went, and I proteſt I ſaw the very ſame billet in the chimney which I had obſerved there twelve years before.

*Chapelain* would be ſeen with a cloak in the midſt of ſummer, on which an acquaintance of his had a ſmart ſarcaſm; for aſking *Chapelain* the reaſon of ſuch

an unſeaſonable habiliment; "Really, "anſwered the poet, I am out of order." "Really, replied the other, I rather be- "lieve your coat is out of order."

Some academicians, diſpleaſed at ſuch ſhabbineſs in one of their members, nicknamed *Chapelain*, *The knight of the order of the cobweb*, alluding to his coat, which was ſo full of darns and patches, that the innumerable tranſverſal directions of the threads repreſented, in ſome meaſure, the lines of a cobweb.

Being one day in an illuſtrious circle, a ſpider of a ſurpriſing bulk happened to drop from the ceiling. It could not be thought to belong to the houſe, which was kept with the niceſt cleanlineſs. The ladies, one and all, ſaid, that ſuch a frightful inſect could come from no place but M. *Chapelain*'s wig, where it might have been ſecurely harboured, without any fear of the comb's teeth; poſſibly pique had ſome ſhare in this ridicule; for *Chapelain* made no ſcruple to ſay, *That the wittieſt women were ſcarce rational.*

He was alſo no leſs ſqualid than tenacious; for *Balzac* relates, that upon their reconciliation, after an eſtrangement of

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ten years, occaſioned by a literary conteſt, he went to ſee him, and found him in his chamber, where hung a monſtrous cobweb, and which he had ſeen of the ſame extent before their quarrel. Hiſtory informs us, that the emperor *Heliogabalus*, having ordered all the cobwebs of the city of *Rome* to be brought together in a heap, and weighed, they amounted to near five tons; which ſhews that there were many *Chapelains* in that imperial city.

*Chapelain*'s contrivance to ſave his napkins, by wiping his hands with a ruſh broom, was a maſter-piece of parſimony.

One act of ſelf-denial and generoſity in this miſer, may almoſt compenſate for all his other indecencies. The duke *de Montauſier* being appointed governor to the dauphin, pitched upon *Chapelain* to be preceptor, and had got the king's approbation, not doubting of *Chapelain*'s joyful acceptance; but when he opened the matter to him, *Chapelain* could not be prevailed upon to accept of that glorious employment, judiciouſly alledging, that with the ſerioufneſs and infirmities of his years, it was againſt na-

ture, that he could ingratiate himſelf with a young prince, which yet was abſolutely neceſſary to the ſucceſs of his inſtructions.

A man of merit, whoſe caſe it was, ſometimes, to be bare of money, addreſſed himſelf to *Chapelain*, who, with a great deal of difficulty, pulled out a crown, ſaying, "We ought to relieve "the wants of our friends, but not fo-"ment their luxury."

*Chapelain* boarded with his heir; but whenever he dined or ſupped abroad, he was ſure to deduct for every ſuch meal. At the time of his laſt illneſs, he had 50,000 crowns in ready caſh by him; and his ſupreme delight was to have his ſtrong box opened, and the bags taken out, that he might contemplate his treaſure. In this manner were his bags about him when he died; which gave occaſion to a certain academician to ſay, "There's "our friend *Chapelain* juſt dead, like a "miller among his bags."

*But it's time to take our leave of* France, *where, perhaps, the reader will think he has been more than enough diverted with the capricious whimſies, and mad*

*mad vagaries of that volatile and fantaſtic people; let us then return to our native country, where the examples we ſhall produce will be more familiar to us, and perhaps known or remembered by many ſtill living.*

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## *The hiſtory of* Beau BRONZE, *the fortune-hunter.*

THIS gentleman, at the time of this adventure I am going to relate, was, according to his own reckoning, growing towards thirty; though the pariſh regiſter where he was born, placed him then in the forty-ſecond year of his age. He had originally about two hundred pound a year, which by that time he became five and twenty, he had mortgaged to two perſons for three thouſand pound a piece. Coming very early to the conduct of his own affairs, he immediately quitted the univerſity for *London*; where having ſoon run through all the vices, or to ſpeak in a more gentle phraſe, through all the

the pleaſures of the town, a few years reduced him to the ſame condition with moſt of our polite ſparks; that is, an eſtate waſted, and a broken conſtitution. Having, while a youth, loſt a great part of his fortune at play, like a bubble he was now reduced to the picking up a precarious ſubſiſtence by it, as a ſharper, which proving a very indifferent employment, he bethought himſelf of a new ſcheme of life, in which his natural vanity, aſſured him of ſucceſs; and ſo came to a reſolution of making his circumſtances eaſy, by marrying a fortune; on whom, like the beau in *Æſop*, he was ready to ſettle his perſon, and his pox on her heirs for ever. Nor was the project altogether impracticable, ſince he was very well furniſhed with certain qualifications, which render a man agreeable to too great a part of the fair ſex: I mean a flow of words, a pert addreſs, and a conſummate aſſurance. Among the reſt of the fair ones to whom *Bronze* paid his addreſſes, was *Ethelinda*, a young lady of about ſixteen, who had in ready money a fortune of ſix thouſand pounds. Having lived all her life-time under the care

of

of an old maiden aunt in the country, ſhe was, on her coming to *London*, tranſported with the diverſions of the town. Yet having a ſufficient ſhare of wit, joined to a good underſtanding, ſhe took care to preſerve both her virtue and reputation unſpotted. With this lady, for want of a better acquaintance with the world, the beau ſucceeded in his addreſſes. She conſidered his perſon as it really was, far from diſagreeable; ſhe flattered herſelf ſhe ſhould be carried in the fineſt equipage to the fineſt places; ſhe imagined alſo (from his admirable talent of diſſimulation) that he was violently in love with her; from all which ſhe fancied ſhe ſhould in *Bronze* meet with the fondeſt of huſbands. As to eſtate, the beau never viſited but in his chariot, with a couple of footmen; for his creditors, in hopes of being paid in caſe the marriage ſucceeded, took care to furniſh him with every thing neceſſary to keep up the appearance of a fortune. Thus all things went on with a promiſing face, till the arrival from the univerſity of a diſtant relation of *Ethelinda*'s, named *Carlos*. This gentleman was about three

three and twenty, had good ſenſe, much learning, and a polite behaviour, without any other defect than a little too much modeſty; notwithſtanding he was but too ſenſible of his couſin's pre-engagement, yet he found it impoſſible for him to ſee her without falling paſſionately in love with her. Lover's eyes are always quick, and hence *Carlos* in a few days, from a ſharper of *Bronze*'s acquaintance, arrived at a thorough knowledge both of the beau's character and circumſtances, of which he took care that *Ethelinda* ſhould be privately acquainted. But *Ethelinda* was ſo far from giving the leaſt credit to this account, that ſhe never ſo much as mentioned it to *Bronze* himſelf, or ſuffered the leaſt enquiry to be made about it. *Carlos* perceiving the ill ſucceſs of this project, grew ſo much chagrined, that hearing the time of their marriage was fixed within a fortnight, he went out of town to a country ſeat of a very rich aunt, on whom he had a great dependence; as being unwilling to be a ſpectator of what he imagined was to complete both her ruin and his own. The melancholy which hung about him in his retire-

ment,

ment, was ſoon taken notice of by the old lady; and as love is a thing ſeldom out of the oldeſt womens heads, ſhe, without much difficulty, gueſſed the cauſe of it: her nephew eaſily confeſſed the truth, and having told her the ſtory. "Alas! *Carlos*, replied ſhe, have you "ſo little both of reſolution and con- "trivance, as to quit your miſtreſs ſo "eaſily? take courage, man, though "you have been unſucceſsful in part- "ing her from her lover, my life for "it, I'll find out a way to make him "abandon the lady. You know my "old nurſe, ſhe is but a few years older "than me, and not unlike me: I'll "ſend her up to town tomorrow to my "own lodgings, and afterwards leave "you to complete a ſcheme, with which "I ſhall acquaint you."

*Carlos*, revived at the thoughts of this project, immediately ſet about it. Nurſe, properly equipped and inſtructed was ſent up to town, and taking her lady's name, paſſed for a widow of forty thouſand pound fortune. *Carlos*, by means of the ſharper from whom he had *Bronze*'s character, cauſed the beau to be informed, that a widow lady, up-

wards

wards of ſeventy, and immenſly rich, was fallen deſperately in love with him. *Bronze*'s natural vanity, and good opinion of himſelf, made him the more eaſily caught. He pretended to *Ethelinda*, that a relation of his dying ſuddenly in the country, had left him his heir, which obliged him to go out of town for three or four days, to take the neceſſary care about the effects he left behind him. This time was employed in making his addreſſes to the widow; and as things were ſo before hand concerted, that he might meet with no more difficulty than was abſolutely neceſſary to hinder ſuſpicion, every thing being ſoon adjuſted, the marriage was celebrated the third day. The night before which he wrote the following letter to *Ethelinda*.

Dear *Madam*,

TO prevent the ſurpriſe of my ſo ſudden marriage, from making too great an impreſſion on your ſpirits, I thought proper to be the firſt, who ſhould acquaint you with it myſelf. Before this reaches your hands, I ſhall be the huſband of the widow *Thrifty*, who is upwards of ſeventy years old, and

and has forty thouſand pounds fortune; which is enough to convince you that love had no hand in my match; I hope you have more good ſenſe than to mind forms and ceremonies. You may be ſure of my ſtaying no longer with the hag, than is abſolutely neceſſary to get poſſeſſion of her money; I will then pack old forehead-cloth to a farmer's in the country, where ſhe may live comfortably for forty pounds a year. While you and I, my dear, ſpend her thouſands in ſplendor; I am in haſte,

*Your faithful*

E. BRONZE.

*Carlos* came very ſeaſonably to viſit her, almoſt as ſoon as ſhe had received this letter, and by letting her into the ſecret of the affair, not only leſſened her concern at this accident, but inſpired her with joy at the reflection on the danger ſhe had eſcaped; which filled her alſo with the moſt favourable thoughts for her kind deliverer. *Bronze* was next day undeceived by his wife's elopement, having

having firſt ſecured four hundred pounds worth of jewels, which he had given her the night before marriage, and which his creditors had furniſhed him with, in order to have preſented them to *Ethelinda*. This obliged the beau immediately to quit the kingdom, and with what money he could ſcrape together, to repair to *Cambray*; where the congreſs ſitting at that time, occaſioned high play, and from thence he might poſſibly find an opportunity to mend his fortune. *Carlos* and *Ethelinda* went to paſs the ſummer at the aunt's, where, in about two months after, their marriage was conſummated, and they have ever ſince lived very happily together.

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## *The unequal match, or the happy ſeparation.*

OF all matrimonial broils and diſquietudes, none was ever conducted with more prudence and ſecrecy, than

than the late voluntary ſeparation of *Carolus* and his fair bride; as perhaps nothing ever gave greater ſurprize to the acquaintance of both, than to ſee two perſons ſo diametrically oppoſite in temper and character, agree in ſo material a point as matrimony.

*Ludimira*, a woman of the moſt finiſhed perſon, was young, gay, fond of play to diſtraction, and ſo careleſs of her words and actions, that her character ſeemed the leaſt thing ſhe regarded; and rather than loſe her ſhare of pleaſure in a party at quadrille, ſhe would, at any time, break through the rules of reſerve and decorum. It will ſeem ſtrange no doubt, that a lady ſo taken up with buſineſs of this kind, ſhould be the greateſt coquet in being; but ſo it was; and though her lovers were ſo numerous, not one could boaſt a greater ſhare in her eſteem than the reſt; and few more than that their names were entered in her pocket-book; and, though perhaps ſhe had a ſet of the moſt practiſed admirers in the gay world, their advances were all diſregarded for the ſuperior addreſs of their powerful rival *Pam*, to whoſe ill ſuc-

ſucceſs was owing the favourable reception of *Carolus*.

It was at that lucky criſis, when great with the thoughts of revenge, (but, through her ill luck, uncapable of purſuing it) he found an opportunity of renewing his addreſſes; which *Ludimira* was now in a better temper than ever to give ear to; ſhe accordingly began ſeriouſly to reflect on the ſubject, and very wiſely to weigh the conveniencies and inconveniencies attending it. *Carolus*, ſhe knew, was dull, hated gaming, very cautious of giving the world offence, and had a veneration for an irreproachable character. Then, on the other ſide, he was good-natured, rich, fooliſh enough to love her, and, as ſhe imagined, very eaſily impoſed upon; theſe ſhe looked on as very proper accompliſhments in a huſband. Having thus caſt up the account, on ballance, ſhe ventured to declare *Carolus* the happy man; and, as ſuch, he was ſaluted, envied, or laughed at amidſt the whole circle of his acquaintance.

It is little to be wondered at, if a lady, who had ſo great an averſion to reſtraint before marriage, ſhould have a much greater

greater afterwards; when her liberties and indulgencies (which, however, before, ſhe little enough regarded) were conſiderably increaſed; and *Ludimira* was ſo high ſpirited, that ſhe would go to the utmoſt length of her rein, let it reach as far as it would.

Many months had not run away, during the triumph of the bride, over the too eaſy temper of the fond and obliging *Caro'us*, e'er ſhe began to awake from her dream of happineſs, and cooly to reflect on the continuance of it; and which, from that time, gave him very little ſatisfaction. The conſequence of this reflection was a gentle reprimand to his lady; who, ſurprized at this rebuff, began to exert her ſpirits a little too freely on the occaſion. Though the temper of the huſband was not eaſily moved to reſentment, he laid up her words till a proper opportunity; and it was not long before he had ſufficient reaſon for ſuch a memorandum (for when once animoſities are begun, they are of too light and volatile a nature to be long unactive) which happened thus: — A bad run of cards having reduced the unhappy *Ludimira* to draw rather too

ſoon

ſoon upon her banker, who was no other than *Carolus* himſelf, he now ſomewhat more ſeverely reproved her conduct; which reproof had the ſame or worſe effect than former reprehenſions; he, however, made her no other reply than reminding her of an engagement he was under for the day; which he immediately went to fulfil, without the leaſt ſign of granting her requeſt. —— Now *Ludimira* began to look on her fortune as deſperate, and without ever allowing time for reflection, or ever ſo much as dreaming of the conſequence, was, in the abſence of her huſband, at high game all the day with the celebrated *Ombro*; and having good fortune on her ſide, made ſhift to pick up an hundred guineas, or ſo, before his return.

Perhaps no man had ever the command of his paſſions like *Carolus*; he pretended to be wonderfully pleaſed with his wife's good caſt, and thanked the loſer with an exceſs of politeneſs; who, being a man of much greater gallantry than penetration, went away highly diverted at what he thought the inſenſibility of his behaviour; but was not

not a little ſurprized, the next morning, at the receipt of the following letter:

SIR,

YEſterday my wife preſſed me for a ſupply for her extravagancies, which, thinking unreaſonable, I refuſed her; but find ſhe has other friends to apply to, who are generous enough to make up the deficiencies of a huſband; but as I ſcorn to be obliged, in any reſpect, to any man in the world, I deſire to know your motive for ſo extraordinary a piece of generoſity. I expect in this place, Sir, a ſatisfactory anſwer on the receipt of this.

CAROLUS.

*Hyde Park, Saturday Morning.*

*Ombro*, who was not up when this came to his hands, jumped out of bed with an air of great ſatisfaction, and order'd his man to prepare his ſword and piſtols; for he was one of thoſe ſort of madmen, who very ſtrenuouſly ſtand up for that ineſtimable privilege of a gen-

tleman—I mean the liberty of cutting each other's throats, allowing no time for redreſſing, or repeating of an injury till too late; while the common race of men are contented to bruiſe each other heartily, and live to be good friends again, ſerviceable to each other, and uſeful members of community in general. —Hence animated, the gallant *Ombro* drew his ſword, and, confident of his ſkill in the ſcience, made a paſs at the button of his hat lying on the table; but by ſome means or other, moſt luckily miſſed it.—I ſay, luckily, for juſt at that moment it popp'd into his head, what before he did not at all dream of, the probability of miſſing in the ſame manner the injured *Carolus*; upon which ſome further conſiderations enſued, and the effect of it was the putting his ſword peaceably into the ſcabbard, and writing the following letter.

SIR,

I Muſt confeſs you have ſufficient reaſon to be incenſed.—The motive of my generoſity I need not explain; and as I am not in a humour to repair one injury by committing another, to accept of my purſe

purſe again; for as you have an indiſputable right in the lady, it was injurious in me to bid money after you had bought her. However, Sir, if you are willing to part with her on any reaſonable terms, you ſhall find me as generous as you can wiſh; or, if you intend the contrary, I ſhall bid no more for her.

OMBRO.

Any other man than *Carolus* might poſſibly have looked on this as the higheſt affront; but being fully convinced that happineſs could never ſubſiſt between two perſons of ſuch different tempers as *Ludimira* and himſelf, he was reſolved at all events, to bring about, if poſſible, a ſeparation; he accordingly went home, ſhewed her *Ombro*'s epiſtle, and calmly, yet with a great deal of reſolution, made overtures on the ſcore of parting.——The proſpect of ready money, and the benefit of uſing her pleaſure with it, was too captivating to *Ludimira*, to make her refuſe almoſt any thing on that condition; the many agreeable parties ſhe ſhould be able to make one of, and the hopes of the ſum

ſhe might poſſibly gain, by having a great deal to ſtake, eaſily determined her reſolution. The ſeparation accordingly enſued, and, as before has been obſerved, with much leſs noiſe than their firſt mutual agreement.

*Ludimira* appears as before, mightily taken up with buſineſs of no conſequence, gaming, followed, toaſted, and admired as much as ever; while contented *Carolus* appears alſo *in ſtatu quo*, reads the papers of the day, drinks his glaſs, and, as he is out of danger of being counted an old batchelor, rails at women, proteſts he values the whole ſex as a paragraph in the news; and ſays, *It is very well it is no worſe.*

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## *The ſecret hiſtory of the* Slipper; *a fact.*

LONG has it been the wonder of the gay and young, that the moſt worthy to be celebrated of all toaſts, the ſprightly *Roſetta*, amidſt the continual round of pleaſure ſhe is engaged in, ſhould

ſhould preſerve an extraordinary and almoſt religious veneration for a relick, which they have all along pronounced to be nothing more than a *Morocco ſlipper*. For my own part, (having ſtudied very deeply into firſt and ſecond cauſes, propoſitions, ſolutions, dependencies, and concluſions in love) I have learned to *know nothing*, and to diſtruſt my own eyes and ears in a point wherein the ſenſe, beauty, wit, or diſcretion of the fair ſex is diſputed. Hence it is, that I have carefully avoided giving my ſentiments in ſo intricate a caſe; but having been very happily acquainted with the reaſon of this remarkable behaviour, I cannot forbear giving the world a faithful hiſtory of that curioſity, which I will now venture alſo to call *a ſlipper*. A taſk, gentle readers, that gives me much greater ſatisfaction, than if I was going to give an elaborate deſcription of the moſt valuable piece of antiquity, the cloſet of any particular virtuoſo, or the moſt beautiful *muſæum Europe* can boaſt of.

In a little village on the borders of *Hertfordſhire*, lived the good *Sylvanus*, eſteemed by all that knew him as a bleſſing to community, and an ornament to

the body of the clergy, of which he was a worthy member.—It was to him (as the fitteſt man in the world for a guardian) that the beſt of fathers, the careful and indulgent *Ruſticus*, with his dying breath, committed the beautiful *Roſetta*, at that time of too tender an age to know the want, or feel the loſs of a parent. Nor was ſhe only entruſted to his direction; for, partly to oblige his acquaintance, and partly to add to the ſcanty proviſion of his benefice, he took under his care the education of five or ſix young gentlemen, ſons of his intimate friends; and to the charge of his ſiſter *Lucinda*, who then reſided with him, gave up *Roſetta*, (and three or four other young ladies of her own age,) bleſſed with every amiable ſentiment, and every qualification to make herſelf and others happy. If there wanted to theſe any perſonal accompliſhments, ſhe was tall, well ſhaped, her hair a beautiful brown, and an admirable ſymmetry was preſerved in her features; and though there wanted much of that luſtre with which ſhe at preſent appears, here was nothing even then ſeen deficient in her, as an accompliſhed woman; he peculiar ſweetneſs and vivacity of her temper,

temper, making up for that gracefulneſs which is only to be acquired by an intimacy with the polite world.

It was now that ſhe engaged the attention of all the neighbouring gentlemen, and became the reigning toaſt in their noiſy entertainments; ſo that their viſits to *Sylvanus* became ſo frequent, and their not too poliſhed behaviour ſo very diſagreeable, that it was ſeldom *Roſetta*, who well knew on whoſe account thoſe viſits were paid, would condeſcend to oblige them with her company. Her reſerve in this, however, was ſo far from being a reſtraint on the manners of theſe roaring ſquires, that all of them, very wiſely, as they thought, took hold of every opportunity, very full of that proverb, *faint heart never wins a fair lady*; and whenever ſhe came within arms-length, ſeized hold of her, and took a kiſs by main force.

*Roſetta* was in this ſituation when the gay and charming *Lucius* arrived at the ſeat of Mr. *Belmont*, a neighbour and patron to *Sylvanus*. It was impoſſible for a young gentleman of our hero's conſtitution (conſcious of the power of his addreſs, and rich with the ſpoil of

an hundred hearts,) not to be inquiſitive concerning the beauties of *B——d*, or if he could be thought to neglect a queſtion of this kind) that he ſhould be long ignorant of thoſe charms which had already made ſuch a noiſe in that part of the country.—Mr. *Belmont*, a man of honour and integrity, preſerved, though in the decline of life, all that gaiety neceſſary to make age agreeable, without the leaſt of that puerility which renders it extremely ridiculous. It is no wonder then that a gentleman of this caſt of mind, poſſeſſed alſo of a complete knowledge of the world, joined to many amiable qualifications, in an eminent degree, ſhould meet ſometimes with an agreeable reception from *Roſetta*, for whom he had acquired even a paternal tenderneſs, and ſeemed to ſhare the taſk of a guardian with his friend. It was by this gentleman that *Lucius* was firſt introduced at *Sylvanus*'s houſe, after having been mortified a whole week, every day hearing the moſt extravagant encomiums on her, without being able to prevail on his friend to pay her a ſingle viſit. A laſt, however, having ſufficiently rallied him for his impatience,

ence, the compaſſionate *Belmont* acquainted the good clergyman, by his ſervant, that his viſitant and himſelf intended to dine with him next day. *Lucius* would have had him ſpare the ceremony, but was obliged to acquieſce with no little uneaſineſs. It is, however, to be doubted, whether the greateſt pain of an eager curioſity, could equal the pleaſure he received in the gratification of it, in the ſight of the beautiful *Roſetta*. — There is no qualification, perhaps beſides, that may be rendered ſo agreeable, and yet ſo eaſily diſagreeable as modeſty; as the leaſt degree too little, gives us the idea of impudence, ſo the leaſt particle too much, has immediately a very ridiculous effect. Our hero was extremely happy in this reſpect; and as he well knew an exceſs of modeſty was the moſt diſadvantageous companion a young fellow could be troubled with, he took care to carry as little about him as poſſible; by which means he was bleſſed with a lucky indifference, a careleſſneſs of pleaſing, which is the ſureſt way to pleaſe; a ſituation of mind which nothing but a commendable ſelf-confidence can give us. Hence it was,

that, ſtifling every thing more than a decent emotion, which his good manners could not fail of paying her perſon at firſt ſight, he appeared free from any diſagreeable reſtraint, as the moſt accompliſhed gentleman ſhe ever beheld.

If the heart of *Lucius* was too much experienced to be taken captive at firſt ſight, *Roſetta*, without reflecting on the real cauſe, began to be ſtrangely partial to the words, looks, and actions of this engaging ſtranger. The firſt viſit was, in ſhort, two agreeable on all ſides not to be repeated; while the frequent pleaſure the amorous *Lucius* poſſeſſed, in the company of our heroine, gave them too many opportunities to increaſe the good opinion they had conceived of each other, and to make their converſation ſoon become more intereſting.

Our lovers, for ſuch I may now venture to call them, had not been long in this ſituation, when the death of *Lucinda* ſubjected *Roſetta* to the care of an officious governeſs, whoſe name was *Prudella*. In this woman might be ſeen all the ill nature of diſappointed youth, and the affectation of good humour and ſprightlineſs her years and temper of mind

mind were very averſe to. A certain unmeaning caſt was ſtamped on her features, which, however, loſt no beauty for want of variety in poſition; for, as ſhe was ſtill of a very amorous diſpoſition, having at firſt ſight taken an extravagant affection for *Lucius*, it gave her not a little difficulty to regulate her looks and behaviour, ſo as to convince him of her paſſion, in ſuch a manner that he might not miſtake her ſmiles for that natural affability ſhe pretended to; this was a taſk not eaſily reconciled to her very great pretenſions to modeſty, and therefore reduced her to a terrible dilemma. This afforded our hero, who had penetration enough to diſcover its motives, a good deal of diverſion, as he thought it undoubtedly very pleaſant, to ſee an old wanton prude in theſe ridiculous circumſtances. But as he could not conquer his antipathy to her, ſo far as to be guilty of the leaſt ſhew of tenderneſs, ſhe took fire at his neglect of her advances, which ſhe was conſcious he muſt be ſenſible of. It was now, and not before, that ſhe ſuſpected the real cauſe of that neglect, and reſolved at all hazards to avenge herſelf, not only on

*Lucius* as the offender, but on *Roſetta* as the firſt cauſe of that offence. And it was not long before an opportunity offered, which gave her room to proſecute her intention, and me a foundation to this hiſtory: For, as after this ſhe took all poſſible care that our lovers ſhould ſeldom be together, and when that could not be avoided, was ſure herſelf to make a third in their converſation; they were reduced to the neceſſity of concerted aſſignations.

It was at this time that Mr. *Belmont*, being abſent on ſome buſineſs in *London*, *Lucius*, under pretence of diverting himſelf with *Sylvanus*'s pupils, reſided with the good clergyman entirely, attending his ſchool-hours and lectures. The hour of aſſignation was one night come, when our hero in his night-gown, waiting impatiently in an alcove at the end of a row of cheſnut-trees in the garden, was bleſſed with the approach of the charming *Roſetta*.

The pleaſure that this happy meeting afforded the two lovers, may be more eaſily conceived than deſcribed. But how great ſoever their mutual tranſport was, it received a ſudden check at the

ſight

ſight of the indefatigable *Prudella*, who it ſeems, not being able to ſleep, had been looking thro' her window, facing the garden; and, on ſeeing *Roſetta*, thought herſelf *in duty* obliged to take care of her charge; therefore was guilty of what otherwiſe might be called an impertinence. Our lovers, however, were ſo much on their guard, as to ſee her at ſome diſtance; on which it was thought proper that *Lucius* ſhould abſcond; which, before he could prevail on himſelf to do, ſhe was ſo very near that he was ſeen by her; but, under cover of the night, ſo as not to be diſtinguiſhed from any other perſon. But if lucky in this, he was as unfortunate in his eſcape to ſhuffle off one of his ſlippers, which the fear of diſcovery prevented his putting on again.——It is eaſy to imagine the effect of a meeting between *Roſetta* and her governante, who was ſo quick-ſighted as to ſecure the ſlipper, as an undeniable proof of the party eſcaped; which, however, ſhe needed no ſuch proof of. This was too favourable an occaſion to indulge her ſpirit of revenge for *Prudella* to let ſlip; ſhe therefore (loading her with the moſt bitter invectives)

tives) in a manner dragged the trembling innocent to the chamber of the good *Sylvanus*, whom ſhe raiſed from his ſlumbers with no little clamour. His ſurprize could not be equalled on ſeeing his tender ward half dead with fear, as having no reaſon to doubt what *Prudella*'s malice would inſinuate. Notwithſtanding the love this paternal guardian bore for *Roſetta*, the governante had too great a ſhare in his eſteem, and knowing her influence, told her ſtory in the groſſeſt terms, and the vileſt aſſertions: But though the agitation the good clergyman was in, cannot be expreſſed, he preſerv'd his uſual ſerenity of conduct, and ordered every one who had been diſturbed on that occaſion, to their reſpective apartments; and then led the gentle *Roſetta* to *Prudella*'s chamber, there to examine more ſeriouſly the charge laid againſt her, which her accuſer ſtill exaggerated by the frequent repetition of the ſlipper. But gueſs the ſurprize on every ſide, when, in the bed-chamber of this very *Prudella*, was found the fellow to that very ſlipper ſhe held in her hand.—The reader may perhaps wonder how it came there; but his ſurprize will vaniſh,

on reflecting that *Lucius* miſſing the preſerver of one foot, might in paſſing *Prudella*'s windows poſſibly toſs in the other; which indeed was the caſe, and it had the effect intended; for the governante was ſo confounded at the ſight (imagining a much deeper plot laid for her than there really was) that ſhe had not a ſingle word more to alledge againſt the ſtill trembling *Roſetta*; and which ſeemed ſo great a proof of her guilt to *Sylvanus*, that though he could not tell what to make of ſo intricate an affair, he at once dried *Roſetta*'s tears, by pronouncing her innocent of any crime, committed againſt honour, diſcretion, or virtue; for that night he was contented however to defer clearing up a point, which he imagined muſt turn to the governante's confuſion; whoſe ſituation of mind, I imagine was ſuch, as ſhe would that night have been a very diſagreeable bed-fellow. In the morning her evidence being entirely laid aſide, it was eaſy for *Lucius* to clear up what he himſelf had been the author of; which he did to ſuch an advantage, that the diſappointed *Prudella* was diſmiſſed; and on *Lucius*'s being called abroad on

the death of his uncle, the beautiful *Roſetta* was committed to the care of the agreeable *Vanella*, and her own diſcretion, in town; in which ſituation I need ſay nothing of her to the polite world.

It is on this account then, that this celebrated beauty preſerves ſuch a regard for one of thoſe *Slippers*, but which of them it is, though I made the ſtricteſt enquiry, I am at a loſs to determine.——*Lucius* is now upon his return home, poſſeſſed of a competent fortune, and we ſoon expect the news of their approaching nuptials.

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## *The fatal effects of too ſudden a ſurprize of joy; or the hiſtory of* FLORIO *and* FIDELIA.

FLORIO, a young gentleman of good family, poſſeſſed not of a large, though an eaſy fortune, and endowed

dowed with every virtue that could render both himſelf and another happy in a married ſtate, had long paid his addreſſes to the fair *Fidelia*, the daughter of a gentleman in his neighbourhood, whoſe agreeable behaviour, univerſal good humour and affability, joined to one of the moſt amiable perſons, and an innocent ſimplicity natural to herſelf alone, had ſo gained on his yet unwounded heart, that he found he could not live without being in full poſſeſſion of her charms; and his innate worth, pleaſing manner, and unaffected politeneſs, had raiſed an equal paſſion in her breaſt. He made application to her parents, who very readily gave their conſent. In the mean time *Malevolo*, a man of a larger fortune than *Florio*, but who had as many bad qualities as the other had good ones; likewiſe made pretenſions to her favour. But her father, who was a man of too much ſenſe, and who had too much regard for the happineſs of his daughter, not to give the preference to *Florio*'s ſuperior merit, hurried up the match as ſoon as poſſible, in order to put it out of *Malevolo*'s power to influence her to his advantage.

The

The nuptials were accordingly celebrated with an univerſal and unfeigned joy on all ſides, and the day following was appointed for the bride and bridegroom to go down to a country-ſeat of *Florio*'s, near the ſea-ſide. The diſappointed rival, who had ſecret intelligence of every thing that paſſed, reſolved to take this opportunity to put one of the blackeſt deſigns in execution. He laid an ambuſcade for them, in an unfrequented road they were to go through, and, attended by ten ruffians, armed with carbines and cutlaſſes, attacked the coach they were in. *Florio* defended himſelf with the greateſt bravery, and preſently laid four of them dead at his feet; but, overpowered by numbers, at laſt he fell, and, with all his ſervants ſlain around him, was left for dead. At this ſight the wretched *Fidelia* fainted away, and, in that condition, was hurried along, and carried on board a veſſel, which the vile aſſaſſin had got ready, and which immediately ſet ſail for *France*.

As ſoon as they arrived there, he offered to marry her; but ſhe, with the greateſt contempt and diſdain, rejected his offer; telling him ſhe would ſooner die

die than ſubmit to what was worſe than death, the embraces of her huſband's murderer; her rage and grief adding the moſt opprobrious terms ſhe could make uſe of, which ſo enraged him that he told her ſhe was now in his power, that he would give her but three days to conſider of it, and, if ſhe did not in that time come to reaſon, he would then make uſe of force to obtain that which he now aſked as a favour. In vain were all her tears, prayers, and intreaties for a longer reſpite; he would hear no more, but left her in the greateſt depth of agony and deſpair. Often did ſhe think of putting an end to her wretched life before the expiration of the time allowed her, and as often did her virtue and piety reſtrain her from committing ſo great a crime; when at length an innocent ſtratagem preſented itſelf to her mind, which was (having prevailed with one of the tyrant's ſervants, by preſents and intreaties to favour her deſign) to take a medicine, which, without doing her any farther miſchief, would throw her into ſo ſound a ſleep, that ſhe ſhould ſeem in all appearance dead. This ſhe did; and *Malevolo*, who

who imagined ſhe had poiſoned herſelf, finding himſelf again fruſtrated in his baſe deſign, and fearing he might be brought to trouble on ſuſpicion of having murdered her, had her buried as privately as poſſible; after which the ſervant, who had been entruſted with the ſecret, took care to have the tomb and coffin opened, before the effect of the medicine could be quite over; and *Fidelia*, by his aſſiſtance, and under the cover of the night, ſoon got out of the territories of *France*, and fled to *Holland*.

As thoſe who have no ſenſe of honour, cannot have any notion of the more refined and noble ſentiments of love to their country, *Malevolo*, who was now afraid to come to *England* on account of *Florio*'s murder, immediately entered himſelf in the *French* army, which was then going to *Flanders*, in order to garriſon ſome towns, which it was expected the Engliſh troops, at that time embarking, intended to beſiege; where let us leave him, and return to *England*.

Some gentlemen riding by the ſame place where *Florio* and his ſervants lay, gave

gave notice of it at the next village, brought people thither, and had them all carried to an inn, whither a ſurgeon was ſent for to examine them, who found they were all quite dead excepting *Florio*, in whom ſome ſmall ſigns of life appeared. They put him in a warm bed, had his wounds dreſſed, and in a fortnight's time he was ſo perfectly recovered as to be able to remove to his own houſe; when he made all poſſible enquiry after *Malevolo* and *Fidelia*. He ſoon found they were gone to *France*, wherefore he ſent letters thither for intelligence; but how great was his grief and ſurprize, when, by the anſwers that were returned him, he found *Malevolo* was there, but that nobody had ſeen or knew any thing of *Fidelia*; he preſently concluded that he muſt have raviſhed and murdered her, and painted every circumſtance in his mind, under the moſt ſhocking and horrid appearances that the moſt cruel barbarity could invent or imagine. Not being able to bear life without her, reſolving to be revenged of the villain who had deprived him of her, and hearing that *Malevolo* was enliſted in the ſervice of the

the king of *France*, he ſettled his affairs here, and bought a commiſſion in the *Engliſh* army, at that time under the command of the duke of *Marlborough*. He behaved with the greateſt bravery in ſeveral engagements, and in one it chanced to be his lot to meet with *Malevolo*, when it pleaſed the Almighty director of all things, who never fails to puniſh thoſe whoſe long continued courſe of wickedneſs has juſtly drawn his wrath upon them, to put his avenging ſword in *Florio*'s hand. Honour, revenge, and deteſtation of *Malevolo*'s crime, added to a deep deſpair and diſregard for his own ſafety, guided his arm ſo ſurely, that, tho' his antagoniſt was as good a ſwordſman as any in the *French* army, he could not oppoſe the fury of his firſt attack, but preſently received a mortal wound; he fell, and finding his end approaching, he then too late was brought to a juſt ſenſe of his guilt, implored forgiveneſs of *Florio*, told him his wife was dead, but aſſured him ſhe died unſpotted; and then expired.

*Fidelia* having, in the mean time, got ſafe to *Holland*, and taken lodgings till the

ſhe could have a convenient opportunity of returning home, but in the greateſt grief for the loſs of her huſband, had ſent letters to her relations in *England*, to let them know ſhe was ſtill living; and they had likewiſe remitted others to the pacquet-boat for her and *Florio*, to let them know reſpectively of each other's fortune; which had they received, they might both have been ſtill happy, and reaped the juſt reward of all their virtues; but unhappily two or three mails being kept back by contrary winds, theſe letters came to neither of their hands.

*Florio*, being now perfectly aſſured from what *Malevolo* had told him, that his wife was dead, reſolved to remain in the army; and tho' he durſt not himſelf put an end to his wretched life, inſupportable as it was to him without his dear *Fidelia*, yet he determined to expoſe himſelf to any danger, where he might be able to loſe it nobly in the defence of his country. However, the army was then going into winter quarters, and the general had already aſſigned to all the officers their reſpective lodgings, and his among the reſt; but,

but, when he came to the houſe appointed for him, what object firſt ſhould ſtrike his raviſhed eyes, but his beloved, his faithful, his long loſt wife! How vaſt and inexpreſſible was the joy of both! How tender was the ſcene at firſt! but, ah! at laſt, how fatal! They ſtood for a few minutes motionleſs; at length, as by ſome mutual impulſe, they ruſhed into each other's embraces; tears forced their way, where words could not find utterance; the ſudden tranſport of an unexpected meeting, after having ſo long believed one another dead, was more than they could bear, and they expired in each other's arms, without ſpeaking a ſingle word.

FINIS.

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